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The

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IN THE MAY CRESSET - - -

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Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

A Momentous Decision

THE SUPREME COURT'S decision that Federal courts may properly consider cases involving alleged inequities in the apportionment of seats in state legislatures caught us by surprise. Like many other Americans, we live in a state where the legislature, in defiance of the state constitution, has refused to reapportion its seats on a population basis. The result is that our predominantly urban state is controlled by rural interests. The state supreme court, reluctant to move into an area of what it considers to be legislative privilege, has refused to consider reapportionment cases. The state constitution provides no penalty for the failure of the legislature to act. And so it seemed that there was no redress for this particular grievance of ours short of inducing Billy Graham to come in and persuade our country slickers that they ought to obey the constitution. And we weren't too sure that even that would work.

The Court's decision in the Tennessee redistricting case opens up a new avenue of attack upon disproportionate apportionment. Our first reaction to the decision was to throw our hat in the air and propose three cheers and a tiger for the Court. Since then, however, we have had second thoughts, occasioned largely by a thoughtful column by Mr. William S. White, the burden of which is that this decision represents still another example of achieving good ends by questionable means. Mr. White quotes approvingly a paragraph from Mr. Justice Frankfurter's dissenting opinion: "There is not under our constitution a judicial remedy for every political mischief. In a democratic society like ours, relief must come through an aroused public conscience that sears the conscience of the people's representatives."

Both Mr. White and Justice Frankfurter grant that lopsided legislative apportionment is political mischief. Mr. White grants that the decision is, on its face, a good thing, but he cautions those who are celebrating this presumed fall of rural dominance to take a second look at the means by which it is being accomplished. "For," he says, "something else is falling, too — the Constitution of the United States as we have known it. It is being altered not by Congress and people — the only constitutional way for its alteration — but rather by a momentary majority of a court."

Mr. White is not, we are sure, so politically naive as to suppose that this is the first time the court has "altered the constitution" by judicial decision. It was the court that imported the "wall of separation" doctrine into the First Amendment, that defined corporations as persons, that created and later destroyed the "separate but equal" rule for race relations. But the fact that the court has done these things does not settle the question of whether it ought to do these things.

There is wisdom and considerable practical value in the separation of powers, and it may well be that the maintenance of this separation is, in the long run, a more important safeguard of our liberties than any well-intended intrusion of the court into areas reserved to Congress, the Executive, or the states.

The other side of the coin is, of course, that powers, like muscles, tend to atrophy with disuse. The best example of this rule has been the progressive invasion by the Federal government of areas of responsibility which the states were unwilling or unable to cope with. There is a sound argument for states' rights, but the argument is meaningless unless it is associated with a concept of state responsibility. It should not be necessary for Federal courts to compel state legislatures to do their sworn duty under their own constitutions. When the Supreme Court does act in such cases its "invasion" of states' rights has at least the justification of necessity.

"Peace" in Algeria

This is the first time we have tried to comment at any

length on the civil war in Algeria. Nothing that we have seen in print has even begun to plumb the full depths of the tragedy of this brutal and senseless war, and we have no illusions of succeeding where others have failed. But with the dawn – we hope it is not a false dawn – of peace on the horizon things gradually begin to move into perspective and among those things are, we would suggest, a man, an attitude, and a moral principle.

The man is Charles DeGaulle. In an age which has not lacked giants, DeGaulle is a towering figure. In an age when the individual seems to have lost any effective control over events, *le grande Charles* has demonstrated what one man can do when he is dominated by conviction, by commitment to a clearly-seen purpose, and by a sense of destiny. DeGaulle is one of those few who have not bowed the knee to the Baals of the twentieth century: popularity, public opinion, peace at any price, power for its own sake. More than any other public figure of our time, DeGaulle has conducted himself as a man who is aware of the fact that the eyes of history and of eternity are upon him. Beholden to no party and disdainful of threats or flattery, he has gone his austere and lonely way and broken a trail which poor, fearful, confused France has long known it must eventually follow, but which it would not have followed behind any lesser man.

The attitude is that of conservatism. If there is any living conservative in the classical sense of the term, it is DeGaulle. And if there is any example of conservatism grown inward and gone morbid, it is the intransigence of Salan and the O.A.S. It is not conservatism, but a witless negativism, that refuses to move with the times. The soundly conservative maxim that "if it is not necessary that things change, if it is necessary that they not be changed" has as its logical corollary the rule that when it is necessary that things be changed the changes be made. The true conservative has the mentality of a chess player who will sacrifice whatever needs to be sacrificed for the security of the king. In the Algerian war, the king was the life and liberties of France. Salan and his followers have been determined, at all costs, to save a pawn and, in the process, have brought France perilously close to check-mate.

The moral principle which the Algerian War has vindicated is one which sends a shudder up our spine: "whatsoever a man – or a nation – soweth, that shall he also reap." There is a principle of justice operating in the universe and it demands a periodic balancing of the books. They that take the sword do, for the most part, perish by the sword. The dispossessor eventually becomes the dispossessed. The persecutor becomes the persecuted. Germany paid for the excesses of Hitler, France has been paying for its empire, we shall pay for our treatment of the Negro. Men do not break the moral law; it breaks them. France had built up a staggering moral debt in Algeria and Justice pronounced her sentence: "Verily thou shalt not come out from thence until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." The tragedy of France in Algeria may well occasion some heart-searching fears in other countries, including our own, where the seeds of self-destruction have been planted. For God is no respector of persons – or of nations.

The Pivots of History

If all goes as planned, President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev will meet "at the summit" late this month or early in June. Both men, we believe, will be sincerely desirous of finding some way of eliminating, or at least reducing, the danger of a nuclear war. Both men, we suspect, would like to find some face-saving solution to the Berlin situation. Both men, we fear, will find themselves trapped in such a tightly-woven web of fear and suspicion that there will be no room for even those minimal compromises that realistic diplomacy demands. We do not, therefore, expect to see any improvement of the prospects for peace as a result of this conference. We consider it possible that there may even be a deterioration of relations between the two great power blocs as each interprets the other's conduct at the summit as a plain case of deviousness and bull-headedness.

There is, nevertheless, one great and compelling reason why a President of the United States should go to such a conference when there is reasonable grounds for believing that its purpose is not purely propagandistic. History pivots upon the unexpected. Most of the great, decisive events of history have been precisely those which political analysts and editorial writers would never have anticipated: the sudden about-face of a man named Saul, the consequences of an Arabian camel-driver's hallucinations, the fact that Louis the Pious had three surviving sons, the death of the Great Khan at the very moment when the Mongol power stood poised for a sweep over western Europe, the storm that destroyed Spain's invincible armada off the Hebrides, the pistol shot that made Theodore Roosevelt president of the United States.

For all our looking, we have not been able to see any reasonable prospect of peace in any line of thought or action so far suggested. We think it probable that a "balance of terror," if maintained long enough, will collapse in a Reign of Terror. We think it unlikely that our generation will be the first in man's long and bloody history to achieve universal disarmament. We doubt that there are ten people on earth who really want a world government with all that it implies. We doubt that any "third force" – whether neutralist or pan-European or whatever – can seize or hold any effective balance of power between the two nuclear giants.

Such hope as we have, therefore – and a lively hope it is – rests on the mercy of God and the possibility of the improbable happening. But this hope does not,

in our thinking, dictate a policy of passive waiting for our problems to straighten themselves out. The improbable event becomes pivotal only when men capitalize on it; the Armada is destroyed only when there is a Drake to drive it into the teeth of the storm. It does not lie within the power of even the President of the United States to force the improbable to happen. It does lie within his power, and within his responsibility, to be on hand to capitalize on it when it does happen.

There is no reason to believe that anything will happen at this month's summit conference. Just for that reason, we are glad that the President is going. Mr. Kennedy has, it seems to us, an instinct for the strategic moment and a capacity for waiting until the moment is right. Unfortunately for us, the same seems to be true of Chairman Khrushchev. Out of such a confrontation who can say for sure what might develop?

Thrill-Killers

The big excitement in Chicagoland during the month of March was the death of a convicted murderer named Vincent Ciucci. For days before his execution (in the electric chair) the papers were full of the story. Corps of reporters dug out background information on the floorplan of the death house, the timetable of a condemned man's last day, the construction of the electric chair, the mechanics of death by electrocution, and the tonsorial operations that are necessary in order to allow the electrodes to do their work – all lavishly illustrated by artists and photographers. Our favorite family newspaper ran a kind of roll of honor of lost souls who had met their death by hanging or electrocution in Chicago to satisfy the stern justice of the sovereign state of Illinois.

The list was interesting. There was not a woman's name on it, although it would seem that the business about "an eye for an eye" was intended to apply to the deadlier sex no less than to the male. Comparatively few of the names were Anglo-Saxon, particularly those of recent years. A high percentage of the names were Italian. We would venture a guess that most of the Anglo-Saxon names were names of Negroes.

We will not, at this time, repeat the arguments which, in our judgment, outweigh all of the arguments for capital punishment. We would say only this: if this monstrous and barbarous (and ineffectual) thing is to be retained, let it at least be cleansed of its grossest abuses. Let the penalty be inflicted even-handedly without distinction of sex or race or nationality, without regard for wealth or status. Let it be inflicted swiftly, humanely, and with a minimum of publicity. Let it be uniform from state to state.

This is probably asking too much. We have only to mention capital punishment and the mail pours in, mostly from women and clergymen, berating us for our "softness" toward hardened criminals. For many people, apparently, there is still no thrill quite so satisfying as the sight – even if only a vicarious one – of some fellow-sinner "paying for his crimes." (Interestingly enough, the barrage of Old Testament proof-texts that comes zeroing in on us after such a comment never includes any reference to the disposition of the Cain and Abel case.) But the time will come when men will look back upon our electric chairs and gas chambers with all of the horror and revulsion that we feel for the rack and the stake. And they will wonder how we ever justified their use.

The Wasteland Revisited

We crave Mrs. Hansen's pardon for this intrusion into her sights and sounds preserve, but the FCC has been conducting some hearings practically in our back yard and they have prompted a thought or two that we would like to spread on the record.

The purpose of the hearings was to determine whether the good people of Chicago are being adequately served by local television programming. Spokesmen for various religious, cultural, professional, and ethnic groups were invited to present their views, most of which turned out to be critical of the three network-owned stations. The burden of the complaint was that there was insufficient use of local talent and inadequate coverage of local problems. There was a considerable body of *obiter dicta,* much of it to the effect that FCC Chairman Minow had perhaps understated the case when he referred to television programming as a vast wasteland.

As it happens, we found ourself agreeing with the substance of most of the criticism. At the same time, we couldn't help feeling that the wrong people were being clobbered. Television is a fantastically expensive operation and somebody gets stuck with the tab. Nothing would please us more than a telecast of the Lutheran Choral Festival in prime viewing time, but we can understand why a network or a corporation whose *raison d' etre* is to sell cigarettes might be reluctant to underwrite such a program. It does not, we think, exhibit any cynical disregard of the public interest for a cigarette or bromide manufacturer to invest his television advertisng budget in a program which promises to provide the largest possible audience for his commercials. In fact, we would suggest that he has a responsibility to his stockholders to put their money where there is the greatest promise of profits.

As for using local talent, the hard, inescapable fact is that most of it just isn't very good. There are two magnetic poles toward which first-rate entertainment talent is drawn in this country: New York and Hollywood, and the local boy or girl who has what it takes to make the big time usually doesn't hang around Chicago or Cleveland or Houston very long unless he happens to be one of those rare Americans who have a strong attachment to a particular place. Chicago has a few such people and they are in television up to their

ears. The allegedly vast reservoir of neglected talent that we keep hearing about would, we suspect, turn out on closer examination to consist mostly of ambitious boys and girls who lack considerably more than a chance.

9-10 and Out

Only a fellow 97-pound weakling would be able to understand the adulation which we lavished upon the boxing champions of our childhood. There was a time when we could speak knowledgeably about the relative merits of such greats and near-greats as Tunney, Dempsey, Sharkey, Schmeling, the incomparable Joe Louis, and the clownish Max Baer. We followed the fights the way some men follow the horses, and there was even a short golden period of our life when we covered the university boxing team for the campus newspaper.

At the moment, we can't recall the name of the current heavyweight champion, and we don't care. Boxing is a depression sport. As Arthur Daley of the New York *Times* puts it, "It is the vaulting pole that lifts one from poverty and obscurity to gold and glory." In good times, there are easier ways to vault to gold and glory than by offering one's skull as a drumhead to muscular young men who are equally avid of gold and glory. An affluent society recruits its boxers from among the tired, poor, huddled masses, to borrow a phrase from Emma Lazarus, and there just aren't enough candidates in this group to maintain any respectable level of competition. What's-His-Name, the presen heavyweight champ, would be lucky to get through the first round with Dempsey in his prime.

So we have been thinking for a long time that it might be just as well to rack it up and let boxing go the way of other sports, such as jousting and gladiatorial combat, which died with a dying age. The recent death of Benny (Kid) Paret confirms us in this view. Accidental death is a hazard in any sport, but when a boxing champion dies of a simple beating-up the reasonable man is entitled to assume that the old reservoir of talent is no longer there.

The outlawing of boxing would, admittedly, work a hardship on managers and other harpies who divvie up the lion's share of the profits from boxing. Since a number of them are already employed by the syndicate, it is possible that they could be shifted to other lines of work not too different from what they are presently doing. As a last resort, they could always migrate to Saudi Arabia where, we understand, there is still a flourishing slave trade.

Looking Forward to Cleveland

In order to set what follows into its proper context, it is necessary for us to say that we consider the politician – next to the housewife, the clergyman, and the teacher – the most necessary and useful member of society. Politics is simply the art of decision-making. The tool of the politician is power. The good politician is the man who knows how to use power effectively, within the limits of the moral law, to lead or drive men to good decisions.

A church body is a power structure. As in every power structure, those who know how to use power effectively have it and use it. Such men may be (and often are) learned, pious, humble, likeable, and kindly. But they need not be. The one undoubted talent that they have – and like all talents it is a good gift of God, intended to be used – is a gift for controlling the decision-making process. They are politicians.

People have been asking us: "What are you going to say about Cleveland?" The reference is, of course, not to the late President but to the city (pop. 876,050) where the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod will be foregathering for its triennial convention in June. Our answer is: "The decisions that will be made at Cleveland will be those of a majority of the delegates present and voting. We are not in a position to bring any effective pressure to bear on how they vote. We are in a position where our championing of certain minority views would not only be ineffectual but might do damage to institutions and causes with which we are identified."

This answer may sound cynical. It is not intended to be. Those who hold strong convictions on the direction an organization ought to follow, and who have the power to move it in that direction, are bound in conscience to use their power to achieve what they believe to be desirable ends. We believe, for example, that the Missouri Synod should carry its confessional concern into the National Council of Churches of Christ, the World Council of Churches, the National Lutheran Council, and the Lutheran World Federation. The present leadership of Synod apparently does not believe that we should join any of these organizations. They have the votes; we do not. We believe that Resolution 9 of the San Francisco convention is in conflict both with our constitution and with our traditions and should be repealed. The present Synodical leadership seems to favor amending the resolution, and then enforcing it. They have the votes; we do not.

We respect the leadership of Synod for its willingness to use all honorable means to achieve the ends in which it believes – even though, on perhaps three or four issues, we do not agree with those ends. We suggest that those who would move Synod in some other direction quit commiserating with each other in genteel little study groups and start planning effective action. The Spirit of God works through human means, and it is through honest, hard-fought conflict that He guides us into all truth.

AD LIB.

Confessions of a Gunsmoker

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

CRITICIZING WESTERN shows on television has become a popular pastime in recent years, with the complainants taking the line that there are too many Westerns on TV and that most of these are not suited for viewing by children. While most of us may agree that there are probably more Westerns on the air than there should be, and most of us would prefer a better balance in programming, I don't agree that the Western is necessarily an evil or that it will have an adverse affect on children.

Those who have been complaining are, for the most part, parent groups, teacher groups, sociologists, and, in some cases, persons who criticize Westerns because they know it is a sure way to get their name in the papers. Most frequently the person complaining is a woman or a spokesman for an organization in which women have the majority.

The reason Westerns are so plentiful on TV is that their ratings are high, an indication that large numbers continue their interest in this type of drama. The audience, I would suspect, is made up almost entirely of men and children. What is it that makes a Western popular and how does it hold such a large audience?

A quick look at the average Western will convince anyone that its popularity is not a result of either the acting ability of the cast or the variety of plots presented. Western plots are few in number. Either a mortgage is about to be foreclosed on the family ranch, or someone is rustling cattle, or a bank is about to be robbed, or else a whole town is under the control of an unsavory group. In most cases the victim of the particular crime being perpetrated has a beautiful daughter.

The hero is from out of town, a restless man whose full time employment consists of ridding the West of its bad elements. His source of financial support is never indicated, except in those Westerns in which he is the sheriff. Not an emotional type, the expressions on the hero's face run the narrow gamut from the half smile as he greets the girl and calls her "Ma'am" to the slightly furrowed brow when he meets the villain.

The villain is one of the few persons in a Western who gets any opportunity to act, and his type of acting is what is known as broad, and slightly reminiscent of acting in the 1890's. So everyone knows he is a villain, he is required to display all sorts of surly expressions and to move around rather violently. In contrast to the clean-shaven hero in light clothes, the villain prefers dark clothing and sports two days' growth of beard.

When the hero and villain first meet a fist fight results in which great quantities of balsa wood furniture are broken, as is the stairway bannister. Until the last uppercut the villian is getting the better of the fight, but that final punch from the hero, which a close observer will note missed him by six inches, finishes off the villain. At their next meeting the duel is with six-shooters and the villain draws first. About all that remains is the final shot of the hero riding out of town as the girl waves from her front porch.

Since the acting is not the reason for its success and since the plot is so simple and predictable, what is it that appeals in a Western? The greatest appeal is probably this very simplicity. Most men spend their days making decisions, which is not difficult if the choices are black and white or if evil and good are easily identifiable. But since they are not, most decisions are made between choices which are in varying shades of gray. It is relaxing, then, for a man to watch a world where good and evil are easily distinguished and where good always wins out.

I understand that some men, particularly those in business with many responsibilities and who feel they are being taxed to death, get a thrill from living vicariously with the cowboy hero who is carefree, unencumbered, and who obviously has never paid a cent of property or income tax in his life. Men who have strong feelings on male superiority enjoy the Western because the world of the Western is strictly a man's world. The only women who appear are the girls in the saloon who come to a bad end, and the simpering heroine who is left waving from the porch, having lost out to the horse in the hero's affections.

And then there is the main reason Westerns remain popular. As the makers of small electric trains can tell you, most men never grow up. Most men and other children enjoy a story filled with action and adventure. We like to watch horses gallop, harmless fist fights, and the almost innocent gun play that Westerns offer. Is this harmful to the children who watch? I contend it isn't, and I submit as evidence my colleagues and myself who sat through every Saturday matinee with Ken Maynard and Buck Jones many years ago. None of us has chosen a life of crime as a result, and the only bad habit, if it can be called that, we share is that we still enjoy watching Westerns.

Directions of Liberal Arts College Development

By Manning M. Pattillo
Director for Education
Lilly Endowment, Inc.

I WRITE AS AN educator who thinks that colleges are the most exciting institutions in the world but who is critical of many aspects of collegiate education. My professional experience has been chiefly in organizations concerned with groups of colleges and universities, rather than with individual institutions, and my outlook on education has been influenced by that fact. In particular, a foundation officer tries to view education both with sympathy and with a certain detachment. Accordingly, my remarks will be couched in broad terms which may seem to you not quite to fit any one specific college situation. Perhaps, though, as we go forward, there will be value in this more general approach.

Also, I should mention that, in the last several years, my thought has been directed most pointedly to privately supported education, and some of my observations will not be equally pertinent to public institutions.

The topic given me is very broad – "Directions of Liberal Arts College Development." In order to make the subject manageable, I should like to deal with three main questions, which I think can be considered with profit in the space I have available:

Why is the liberal arts college important?

What are some of the significant trends in liberal education today?

What makes a good college?

Why is the Arts College Important?

The liberal arts college has taken two forms in American higher education. It is often the main undergraduate division of a university and in this form is typically called the college of arts and sciences. Or, more commonly, it takes the form of a separate institution, called simply a liberal arts college. Though quite different in their environments, the two types of college have similar curricula and serve the same general purpose in higher education.

The liberal arts college, whether independent or a part of a university, is the core of higher education. It enrolls more students than any other type of undergraduate institution. But more important than this, it teaches the disciplines on which other educational programs are based – the humanities, the fine arts, the social studies, and the sciences. The liberal arts are the foundation for a host of professional programs. They provide the intellectual skills and knowledge on which the curricula of the specialized schools are built. For example, a law school cannot make a good lawyer of a man who is deficient in history and English. An engineering school must build its specialized courses on a knowledge of mathematics, physics, and other liberal arts disciplines. Higher education could no more exist without the liberal arts than a house could stand without foundations or a tree without roots.

In recent years there has been an increasing awareness of the flexibility of liberal education. As primarily the education of the generalist, liberal education is not subject to the limitations of special training. The man who changes his vocation may find that his specialized education has become irrelevant, but he will still use the intellectual skills and understandings derived from liberal education. This is why liberal education is sometimes referred to as general education (although the term "general education" has come to have a host of particular meanings). If we think of general education as the kind of education that everyone needs as a human being, regardless of his occupation, it is clearly related to liberal education.

The liberal arts college plays an important role in the education of professional scholars. We sometimes think of the universities as the centers of scholarship, and they are, but recent studies have shown that the liberal arts college is often the place where the able student first acquires his ambition to be a scholar. Perhaps the most dramatic documentation of this statement is found in the book, *The Younger American Scholar: His Collegiate Origins,* by Robert H. Knapp and Joseph J. Greenbaum. After an analysis of the undergraduate backgrounds of promising young scholars, the authors concluded that the separate liberal arts college is playing a particularly important role as the training ground for future scholars. Of the fifty institutions that ranked highest in the country in the percentage of their recent graduates who went on to scholarly distinction, thirty-one were separate liberal arts colleges. Six of the top ten were institutions of this type. This is a remarkable record. Some of these colleges have produced far more than their share of the scholars of the country.

Significant Trends in Liberal Education

What are some of the significant trends in liberal education today? We hear a great deal about the increasing number of students seeking liberal education, as well as other kinds of higher education, and about the shortage of qualified faculty members. These facts are becoming well known even to the casual newspaper reader. But I should like to mention certain other developments that may in the long run be of greater

significance to the quality of liberal education.

Among liberal arts colleges more and more attention is being given to curricular and instructional devices for encouraging student independence. Educators are coming to feel that there has been too much "spoon-feeding" in colleges. The typical method of conducting a college course has been to use a textbook and assign a few pages in it to be read for each class meeting, with the class time being devoted to lectures or recitation covering much the same material as that in the book. This is wasteful of valuable time; there is no point in repeating in class what the student is supposed to have studied outside. Also, this pattern of teaching usually leads to an emphasis on memorization of *information* to the neglect of the clarification of *ideas*. It is well to bear in mind that ideas, once thoroughly understood, become a permanent part of the student, whereas information unrelated to ideas in the mind of the student is mostly forgotten in a few months. The textbook-lecture method is the easy way to conduct a college course but is not always the best. Not only is it frequently dull and likely to smother any spark of interest a student may have, but it fails to teach the student to study on his own. And so the better colleges have been searching for ways to encourage the student to assume more responsibility for his education by expecting him fairly early in his career to dig out knowledge for himself rather than rely on a lecture or a ready-made textbook summary of facts and interpretations. If we want graduates who can stand on their own feet and think for themselves, we must given them practice in independent work while they are undergraduates.

A second trend, which has been particularly evident since World War II, is the new intellectual interest in religion. A number of colleges have established or strengthened departments of religion which operate in the same way as any other department of instruction. Even colleges of arts and sciences in public universities, where the problem of teaching in this field of knowledge has been thought to be more difficult than in the private institution, have been experimenting with ways of giving their students an understanding of religion. The private college has the freedom to deal with religion more explicitly and less gingerly than the tax-supported institution. This is an important freedom that ought to be fully exercised.

The present interest in religion is in sharp contrast to that of the earlier decades of the 20th century when most students were apathetic to religion, and too often college teachers were actually antagonistic. In many colleges, faced with these attitudes, religion was reduced to a vague kind of "do-goodism" or what became known as "religious activities." On many campuses religion as a field of study largely disappeared. In institutions having no formal department of religion and lacking a teaching staff of competent scholars in religion the student frequently gained his sketchy impressions of religion from faculty members in other departments, who, though competent in their own fields, were scarcely any better informed in religion than the students themselves. Progress is now being made and in dozens of colleges and universities we find able students and faculty members taking religion seriously as a basic field in liberal education.

A third trend worth noting is the widespread interest in off-campus educational experiences for college students. This interest is manifested in several forms. In some of the so-called progressive colleges (Sarah Lawrence, Bronxville, New York, for example), extensive use is made of the resources of governmental and community agencies for instruction in the social sciences. When the students are studying state government, they visit agencies of state government and talk to officials about their work and problems. When crime is being studied in a course in sociology, the students go to police officials and courts for first hand contact with the subject matter. As an adjunct to the theoretical study of economics, the students try to gain direct knowledge of business enterprises through conversations with business leaders and trips to industrial plants. These experiences give a functional twist to liberal education and help to relate education to the larger world beyond the campus.

Another way in which off-campus experience is being provided is through the cooperative program, as it is often called, in which the student engages in practical work related to his academic interests. There is nothing new about student employment as a means of earning one's way through college. What is new is the emphasis on employment as an integral part of education. Sometimes this employment alternates with the time spent by the student on the campus; that is, he spends several months of the year in paid employment off campus and a portion of the year in formal engineering schools, but some of the pioneers have been liberal arts colleges. Under another pattern, the student carries his employment concurrently with his studies. As with all things that are good in moderation, off campus experiences, if permitted a free rein, can divert a college from its main work (this happened in some radically experimental elementary and high schools in the 30's), but, carefully controlled, they have their place in a well-balanced education.

The Makings of a Good Arts College

Let us now consider what makes a good liberal arts college. No one can pretend to give a definitive answer. The matter may be treated from the standpoint of the parent or student who is selecting a college; from the position of the college administrator who is struggling to get the buildings, money, and staff needed to carry on a particular institution; from the point of view of a faculty member; or from the vantage point of the general public. There is not only the problem of defining a good liberal arts college in the abstract but

also of matching an individual student with an individual college. A large university may be better for one young person, a small college better for another, and there are similar questions with respect to co-education as against separate education for men and women, the residential college as against the non-residential or commuters' institution, and the Middle Western as against the Eastern or Southern or Far Western institution. Also, the intellectual ability of the individual student must be matched with the academic pace of the college he is to attend. A good deal of progress has been made in college counselling in the last generation.

But there are, I believe, certain elements which are present in good liberal arts colleges everywhere regardless of the more obvious characteristics such as size and location. What impresses me first in visiting a good college is its seriousness of purpose. The faculty has clearly in mind what it is trying to accomplish with the students and the students are there to get an education. Faculty meetings are largely devoted to discussion of educational policy, and student conversations reflect an interest in academic matters. This may be contrasted with the half-heartedness and frivolity of the low-quality institutions. In the latter type of college, education usually seems to take a back seat to social life or campus politics or intercollegiate athletics, and the faculty tries vainly to get the students to take some real interest in their education. This is not to say that the issue is black and white, but one can notice, if he goes from campus to campus, differences in institutional atmosphere.

An indispensable ingredient of a first class liberal arts college is the quality of its faculty. A good college will look at two kinds of qualifications in appointing persons to its staff. It will insist on sound scholarship, that is, professional competence as evidenced by academic credentials and personal character. We know all too well what intellectual brilliance unaccompanied by integrity can mean. The liberal arts college is interested in intellectual accomplishment within a context of moral principles, and these principles are most likely to influence students if they are reflected in the lives of their teachers. Somewhere in the qualifications of the college teacher there must be explicit mention of the ability to teach. Is teaching ability an automatic resultant of sound scholarship and good personal traits, or is it a special accomplishment all its own? This is a moot question. A better definition of teaching ability and more systematic evaluation of this ability stand as urgent challenges to all educational institutions. Our present practices, even in the best places, are casual and impressionistic, but at least the better colleges accept the principle that promotion should be on a merit basis, not routine, and that teaching ability should be a factor.

A good college is constantly gathering evidence on the impact of its program on its students. It resists the temptation to indulge in easy assumptions of success. It uses the best procedures that have been evolved for appraising results. It recognizes that in the final analysis the measure of its success is to be found in its effect on the students, not merely in worthy intentions.

A good college is perpetually dissatisfied with itself. It is eager to experiment with promising new methods of teaching and of organization of courses. It exploits the possibilities of the discussion and case methods of teaching, audio-visual aids, modern librarianship, off-campus educational experiences, and other opportunities for improvement of curriculum and instruction.

In this connection I should like to make a few comments on formality and informality as they affect learning. It has seemed to me that a certain informality in personal relationships is associated with educational effectiveness in a college. Many good institutions have a strong sense of *community*. The students, faculty, and administration all live in the same world, so to speak. All are bound together by mutual respect in a common pursuit of understanding. The student knows that he is welcome to discuss with his teachers both academic and personal matters. This is not a Utopian dream; such an atmosphere of informality and ease of communication does exist on many campuses. To be sure, it is harder to achieve in the large institution than in the small, in the urban university than in the residential campus college.

In a college having this quality you are likely to find that much of the business is transacted in small groups. There will be fewer large lecture courses in which the professor delivers a speech from a platform to row on row of students, and more seminar situations in which instructor and students sit around a table. There are likely to be fewer rules and regulations and more reliance on good judgment. I believe it comes down fundamentally to a question of motivation. When the student is an active participant in his own education and is in close touch with men with scholarly interests, he is more likely to be stimulated to learn. When he is anonymous and is chiefly a recipient of information, his role in the whole process is more passive.

Is it not imperative that we give our students some skill in discussion techniques? More and more the business of the world is being transacted by small groups of people around tables. In commerce and industry, in international affairs, in national government, in community enterprises, and almost everywhere today important decisions are made by committees, boards, commissions, and similar bodies. Our college graduates will be called upon to take their place in these organizations. They should be prepared to make a constructive contribution. How better can they learn this than by practicing the technique in college? The person who is equipped only to take orders or to give orders but not to participate as a responsible equal in decision-making is hardly prepared for leadership today. Thus, the informality which I mentioned as often found

in good colleges has a significance reaching far beyond the student's four years on the campus.

If these things are so, higher education faces a dilemma. As enrollments increase there will be a tendency for colleges and universities to become highly organized mass operations. The student and even the teacher may become a mere statistic, an IBM card in a file. What happens then to informality, ease of communication, individuality, and the other essentials of a true academic community?

Prospects of the Private College

Much is being said these days about the prospects of the private college of liberal arts. Some observers are predicting a rosy future, others the extinction of large numbers of institutions. At the last annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges, which is the trade association of private colleges, the theme was 'Can Colleges of Arts and Sciences Survive?'

There are 1,957 educational institutions of collegiate grade in the country according to the most recent directory of the United States Office of Education. Of these, 1,476 – about 3/4 of the total – offer education in the liberal arts. Competition is keen, especially for money and recognition.

Some see Federal subsidization as the solution to the financial problem. To be sure, this might help to meet the immediate need, but it would only usher in other, more basic, problems. In my opinion the best guarantee of future vitality for a private college is to develop a distinctive and appealing educational program, something different from its neighbors'. The most discouraging aspect of collegiate education is the sameness of the institutions. They exercise their freedom of choice largely by imitating one another, whereas they should be cultivating uniqueness. The imaginative development of a distinctive educational idea, a distinctive teaching method, a distinctive location, a distinctive constituency – these are the means of building strength in a college. The history of such diverse colleges as Dartmouth, with a virile program based on its north country location; Swarthmore, utilizing certain educational procedures borrowed from the British universities; Antioch, with its work-study plan and unusual community life; Berea, serving a very special constituency and stressing the value of labor; Stephens, offering a functional type of education for women; Wheaton, which has become a center of Biblically-oriented education; Reed, with its tradition of training professional scholars; and the Claremont Colleges, with their noteworthy plan of cooperation – these cases, I think, demonstrate the validity of the principle I am urging. Each of the institutions mentioned has carved out for itself a distinctive niche in American education by emphasizing special features not possessed by others. Through these special features they have brought to their colleges individuality and the means of building permanence and strength. I would submit that this is the road to a significant future for any college that aspires to rise above the mass of institutions.

SEEING

The world is in the seeing. Hill and tree
May stand in equal height from the valley arbor,
While white-winged ships that tower in the harbor
Oft seem so very small upon the sea.
The painter's hand creates infinity
For those who do not watch thin worlds in making,
And grass-couched lovers poised for the new day's
waking
Believe the fettered stars are really free.
The road to reason starts beyond our eyes
And sipping facts is like to counting herds
Of muted sheep. It does not make us wise
Nor bring us sleep, before the final thirds
Of life seek out the weeds on which truth lies,
Crouched and cramped in the picture-soul of words.

STANFORD STERNLICHT

The Praise of Near-Virtues Reconsidered

By Rudolph F. Norden
Commission on College and University Work
The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod

QUITE OFTEN, two qualities thought to be opposites are really close together. It is only a thin line that separates success from failure. The shift of relatively few votes can make the difference between being elected President of the United States on a winner-take-all basis or a total loser. Again, on the winning ticket only a heartbeat separates a Vice-President from the Presidency. The margin between life and death is one of hairline narrowness for every human being.

Saint and sinner, sage and fool – how far are they apart? "The sublime and the ridiculous," wrote Thomas Paine, "are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately." Paine explains: "One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again." The neatly-shaved and groomed man of our thinly-veneered civilization is a brother under the skin to the hirsute man of the jungle. The same land that nurtured Schiller and Goethe spawned Nietzsche and Eichmann. One too many drinks, one too many irritations, a seat behind the steering wheel of a high-powered automobile, and a mild Dr. Jekyll can become a murderous Mr. Hyde.

By the same token, qualities often thought to be close together are really far apart. So it is with the genuine coin and the counterfeit, Gertrude Stein's rose which *is* a rose and a paper flower, man's virtues and near-virtues. The classic example of a spurious virtue is King Saul's sacrificing when God wanted obedience. Aren't we all sometimes caught up in the pursuit of the lesser good? It is apt to happen when we look at words instead of the meaning they symbolize. Whatever can be labled a "gross vice" is not too difficult for a Christian to shun, for even the world condemns it: wife beating, bank looting, arson, or treason. More insidious is the temptation to be satisfied with the second best, the lesser good, the near-virtue, the gilded vice.

When Virtues Are Taken for a Ride

One of the social phenomena of our present age is the tension between two extreme views of life as exemplified by the beatnik and the conformist. There is every reason to suspect that in these off-center philosophies true virtues get mixed up with near-virtues. Starting with the one, the dedicated beatnik faces the temptation to turn a *per se* non-conformity into a virtue. Wayne Saffen, minister to Lutheran students at the University of Chicago, said as much when he defined beatnik-types as "conforming individualists committed to non-committal." The non-conformists falls easily into his own trap.

Just as lacking in virtue is the dedicated square. James C. Spalding, who is on the School of Religion staff at the State University of Iowa, speaks of him thus: "He is afraid to be himself. This is his weakness. The square gives in to the status quo. He fits in. If there are any rough edges he smooths them. He is the conformist who is so concerned to do what it takes to get along that he cannot seize the creative new possibility before him. If he protests, he is only against that which is safe to protest against. If he is in a situation where the crucial issue is racial discrimination, he is against liquor by the drink. He may go church, but why is he there? He is there because it is the thing to do; because it's the American way; because it's good business; because the church is a bulwark against communism. He is there for any reason except to be confronted by the living God."

Having pronounced the beatnik and the square as "sick-1 and sick-2," Spalding points out where virtue lies: "Maturity comes when you neither submit nor aggress as your primary reaction to society. You stand for what is valid in the tradition, and you protest against the shams and hypocrisies of that tradition. Neither beat nor square, you rebel only to construct the better."

That "Going to Church" Kick

It is not uncommon for moral preachments, however well-intended, to urge what is only half safe, half good, and thus not good at all. Martin P. Simon, the "Happy Home" columnist for *The Lutheran Layman*, finds only a quasi-virtue in the slogan generally accepted as simon-pure and sure-fire: "Go to Church." It is one thing for a civic group, with its limited tools of civil righteousness, to urge regular week-end church and temple attendance. It is quite another when the church itself reneges on the motivation of the Gospel, takes the lazy man's shortcut, and simply says: "Go to Church." The church can do better than that.

Says Dr. Simon: Let the church and its members begin on another level, namely with "interesting, effective warm family devotions with discussion." Again: "Daily Bible reading, a half hour with an open Bible to hear God talk and to speak in turn with God, is a source of wonderful strength." Again :" 'Go to Church' is like being advised to love food by eating once a week. The advice is inadequate." The spiritual exercises mentioned motivate love for the Word of God which

feeds souls not only for one hour on Sunday but also during the week. Given such love for the Word of God, church attendance will result, as surely as morning follows the night.

Reading Only the Bible, a Virtue?

Dr. Simon has himself provided devotional reading matter that assigns the Bible its central place. He has nowhere said: "Put on blinders and read only the Bible." If he had, he would inconsistently have entered the Christian publishing business. Having cleared him of any misunderstanding, we can go on to point out another near-virtue with reference to Bible reading, namely one relating to a temptation that confronts especially the church of *Sola Scriptura*. To say the Bible is our only source and criterion of faith is one thing. To counsel, "Read only the Bible," is quite another.

Prof. Martin H. Franzmann of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, scouted a very real spiritual hazard when he wrote in an essay on hermeneutics: "He who reads only his Bible and no other books doesn't even know the Bible." How can this possibly be true? Well, it's as if your mother were the only person on earth you knew. It would again be true: you wouldn't know her very well. You would not be able to make comparisons and thus come to a deserving understanding and appreciation of your mother. But what a difference it makes if you know persons of lesser loves: a crabby teacher, a curt telephone operator, a doting grandmother who wants to spoil you rotten. Know these and you begin to know your mother. You are then in a position to compare, estimate, appreciate, and know to the fullest what a wonderful person your mother is.

Similarly, a person is not apt to become a diamond expert unless he has studied other "rocks" for comparative purposes. Having gained knowledge of the whole range of stones from pebbles to precious gems he can evaluate the superior excellence of a diamond. The merchant of Christ's parable must have examined many pearls. This experience helped him to appraise his unexpected find immediately as "the pearl of great price."

Put this down as poor advice: "Spurn other books; read only the Bible." A part of the fruitful searching of Scripture to which Jesus enjoins us is the ability to recognize the value of divine truths when we find them and to see their relevance to Christian faith and life. Reading other books helps in this. When you peruse works on morals and religion, both pro and con as far as the Bible is concerned, you develop a frame of reference enabling you ultimately to say with personal conviction: "The Bible is not only a better book; it is the best. Christianity, in the religious spectrum, is not a comparatively higher religion, it is the superlative one. It is God's unique revelation."

No Virtue is Ignorance

The whole area of what is called "sancta simplicitas" needs to be restudied. Ignorance can never be a virtue. It can never bring the premium of true happiness. We cannot agree with folks who deprecate foreign mission work on the assumption: "Why bother the heathen?. They have their religion. They are happy in their ignorance of Christianity." Are they? Worshiping loveless, lifeless idols, being without hope and without God in the world, living in fear, existing amid hunger and squalor in societies stagnated by the "powers of darkness,"—these do not spell happiness in any language.

Neither can ignorance and anti-intellectualism be justified on the home front. To be semi-literate does not mean to be good. Anti-intellectualism, a holdover from the day when pioneers could carve private estates out of the American wilderness without an education, dies hard. What is even less a virtue is to quote Scripture out of context in defense of mental and spiritual stagnation. No, we cannot quote I Corinthians 1 to prop up the untenable thesis that higher education militates against faith, that colleges corrupt church members. The "wisdom of the world" which St. Paul scores there is the Greek philosophers' substitute for God, Jesus Christ, redemption, Christian faith, Christian life, and the like. This is making a god out of human reason. The Christian intellectual does not do this. There is also the wisdom of the pious, for which St. Peter has this formula: "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." Jerk out knowledge and the structure collapses. Knowledge rightly held by individuals committed to Jesus Christ is a handmaiden to faith and provides the tools for the Christian's vocation.

Try These For Size

In two other areas, both of great concern in our times, must the question be asked: Are we advocating real virtues or near-virtues? The first has to do with integrated housing. It is one thing to pontificate from a penthouse high above the scene of human struggle. It is quite another to follow the example of a Mr. and Mrs. William D. Wenholz who, on the strength of their conviction, bought a house on the fringe of a changing neighborhood in Indianapolis. They exemplify a person in the novel *Mrs. Palmer's Honey* who, as *The Vanguard* tells it, "persuaded her family to purchase a house in a racially changing community and to move there." Much talk about integrated communities is a near-virtue; moving there is a virtue.

The other area deals with the population explosion, indeed a sensitive one because it ultimately boils down to the question: how many children should *you* have? When the West was still opening up large families

were an asset to pioneering farmers. The Roman Catholic Church still regards them so. When smiling Lawrence Welk can make his well-nigh annual announcement that the Lennon Sisters have another little brother or sister congratulations all around seem to be in order. And it is indeed a God-pleasing thing to thank Him for the gift of children. There are indications, however, that an attitude we have brought with us from the past may get us into difficulty in the future. Under the pressure of a mounting world population the rearing of large families may not always be considered a parental virtue. Perhaps the time will come when a private privilege also in this respect will have to make a concession to the public good. It is not a prospect to be anticipated with joy.

Where to Look for Other Near-Virtues

Perhaps we can involve the reader in a little do-it-yourself project by way of having him extend the list of near virtues. A hint would be to explore areas where Jesus found so much pious hocus-pocus: marriage and family relations, "churchianity," alms giving and prayer for their public relations value, love substitutes, empty ritualism, ossified orthodoxy versus theology in flux for the sake of flux, and any instance of cant superceding candor. These are delicate and sensitive grounds where even angels would be expected to tread cautiously. But these are also the private reserves where hypocrisy and the judgments of fuzzy minds are most likely to appear.

MAN UNFOCUSED

Think how an image is like a tear
If his eyes ignore what he has seen
When he thinks one way, refusing to gear
The cogs of his mind; leaving routine,
The inevitable cinder, to cling
Like a leech to the line of a thing
In the corner of his eye.

A man should lie
Green where the breast of the world begins.

Think how his spectacles riot and send
Fragments of sunshine, diluted twins
Attentive enough in their wish to blend
Imperfections, rivet the light
On him and his vision!

A man should wear
His glasses backwards, ready to stare
At the outskirts of darkness in his own right.

JOHN STEVENS WADE

The Theatre

"You Never Know What's Coming Off Next"

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

THE TITLE, "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," may mislead one into thinking that Arthur L. Kopit's play is a prime example of those absurdities which are nowadays written in undramatic dialogue form for the theatre as the realistic expression of our time. "Oh Dad" may be "absurd" in its use of the no-sequitur or the repetition for the repetition's sake, but even then it has charm and some meaning beyond its meaninglessness. It may be part of the pattern that wallows in the distorted reflections of our broken mirrors which cut not only life but also our dramatists to size – yet Kopit's play uses the grotesque in a dramatically logical way. In other words, it is so strong as a theatre piece that it breaks out of its natural confines.

It shows certain influences without being too much indebted to them – Tennessee Williams, Anouilh and Giraudoux, Ionesco and even Duerrenmatt. There are tinges and touches of all of them to be found, but Kopit's play is so immediate in its momentary excitement, so meticulously plotted in its improvisational style that it can live on the interests of its loan.

Kopit calls the play in its subtitle "A Pseudoclassical Tragifarce in a Bastard French Tradition." Since we can no longer write nor endure the really tragic – life has outdone itself both in pity and in terror – the tragedy wrapped in farcial tissue paper permeated with a self-castigating fragrance is the dramatist's way out. And the bastard French tradition may point to a Grand Guignol scene at the end of the play when a girl wants to seduce the inhibited Mama's-boy who has hung his dead dad in the closet whence he comes falling onto the bed at the near-climactic moments of the love scene, which ends with the son strangling the girl.

Trying to tell the story defeats the purpose because it is difficult to be sufficiently coherent when there is nothing that really happens although the stage bristles with action all the time; when even flowers and a fish actively take part in the plot that revolves around mere make-believe of all concerned; when the characters do not create situtations, but come out of them.

The figures – there are only five, and economy in writing is one of Kopit's virtues – are as surrealistic as the situations are bizarre. Everything seems to be turned upside down, the laughs come from a cabaret-like wit that stuns you. There is a fish that eats cats (we have been too much used to the idea of cats eating fish), plants that harass humans, furniture that breaks down when you look at it or remains immobile when you push it hard.

Jo Van Fleet as Madame Rosepettle – probably the best part she has ever had – rushes on stage with a coffin; her boy stammers and watches a baby sitter (the one he later strangles) through a telescope. Madame Rosepettle, who had killed her husband and travels with his coffin around the world, enjoys running along the beach to kick sand in the faces of the loving couples, counting them as her ancestral archetype may have counted the scalps of Indians. If she hates man and keeps her boy locked in to spare him any contact with the world Arthur L. Kopit, apparently, has saved some money by not going to an analyst and instead getting his own hatred against his parents out of his system in writing this play.

When his mother – I mean Madame Rosepettle – comes home from one of her beach adventures still full of the sand and glee of having disturbed twenty-three couples, she finds her favorite fish dead, the plants cut off – we and Mr. Kopit know they were a stand-in for mother – and the girl strangled on her bed. She turns to the boy with the words: "I ask you, Robinson. As a mother to a son I ask you. What is the meaning of this?" Blackout and Curtain.

Jerome Robbins staged this play at the Phoenix Theatre with particular skill. He gave it a heightened sense of movement. There is not one dead moment. He created a flowing feeling, a gracefulness that comes out of an unexpected gesture, a turn, a laughing trick. Apropos, he inserts trick films which, along with Robert Prince's music that fits the occasion beautifully, fills the transitions of the three scenes, which roll off without intermission. Robbins knows the magic formula of how to make everything seem more than just right. The acting was superb, so were the sets and the lighting. One certainly had a good time in the theatre.

Arthur L. Kopit is very young. He may be too much in love with the oddness and eerieness of things, more inclined to stun and puzzle with gimmicks than to create through suggestiveness. Than to create. Period. Another of his plays that preceded this one was called "On the Runway of Life You Never Know What's Coming off Next." He may be right. So let's wait for his next play.

From the Chapel

"The Church in Your House"

By Ronald G. Goerss
Pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church
Valparaiso, Indiana

". . . the church in your house."
Philemon 2.

GREETINGS TO THE church in your house! Several times Paul included such expressions in his letters. It can be argued that early Christians met in homes, hence these references. However, it can also be demonstrated that the church met in small units like families and households—at other times and places than the community of faith in a particular city or town. Whatever support is drawn from Scripture, one thing remains plain: *the family is meant to be a family of God.* In a real sense the Christian family can be accurately and appropriately addressed as "the church in your house." This view of the home and of family life is a far cry from many contemporary thoughts and laments.

What has happened to the family? What is happening to the family? While we can pay passing respects to the dangers of over-simplification and generalization, observers continue to disturb us with evidence about the breakdown of the family. We can do our own observing, too. This fracture of the family is viewed as the source of much social sickness. Sociologists, for example, provide us with data to show how some of these ills have arisen. They can demonstrate how the conception of marriage has moved in the last two centuries in America. In the 19th century the family was viewed quite generally as a divine institution, to provide children and to control sex. The early 20th century saw the emergence of a "social concept" which underscored the same functions but regarded obligation more toward society than toward God. More room for divorce was possible as the personal happiness of the *individual* partners of a marriage became paramount. Social values could be delegated to social agencies; sacred values their place in the organized church. Individualism of this type reached into the children's lives. It has often exceeded the healthy "independence" children should develop. Ambiguity of roles in family life have added to the confusion. Vague feelings of responsibility toward God which may emerge to prompt the consciousness of family people can be dispelled as the practical matters at hand dispel them.

The Christian family exhibits some of the same problems that "non-confessing" people possess. "Stop the world—I want to get off!" might well be the agonized cry of the family man who is hopelessly caught in the labyrinth of "earning a living," being a husband and father, and a good "active churchman." The mother, meanwhile, seeks methods to escape the trap which domestic responsibilities have sprung on her. The church may provide a round of activities to give legitimate escape routes to harassed Mom, who (no one can deny) needs a break. Children find that they hold several things in common with the rest of the family: the same grocery bag, the same hotel, the same TV tube (which can be a disuniting factor, if there is strong following for rival programs), the same last name.

College students note these facts. Perhaps they have experienced them. They may lament them. They may build their suburban dream in the sky. Then – they graduate, and, sooner than they can say "I am a commuter," become added data to prove the fact of family breakdown.

In their alarm over what is taking place, church bodies carry out sociological self-studies; they publish symposiums which both describe and prescribe; they provide sure-fire programs (which may actually contribute to the problem, as members of the family hop on a treadmill to fire up the parish); family institutes are carried out, from which folks may walk away frustrated because, instead of ideals and techniques, what they needed was the forgiveness of sins.

Psychiatrists, social scientists, counselors, professors, writers, pastors, and laymen all put their oars into the discussion. Much of the data and direction is helpful. But we – in the Church of Jesus Christ – need more than data and a plan. We need more than analysis. We need more than technique. We need more than a *resolution.* We need a *rescue.* We need a rescue from the fragmented life to which the church has made its own strange contributions. The Church has presented much of its "program" in such a way that Christianity is viewed by some concerned adherents as only one of many peripheral activities which demand equal time from the harassed members of the family.

The home – as a church in its own right – needs to be reinforced. Without denying the larger community of faith which gathers around the Gospel and the Sacraments, this can and must be done. Families which seek renewal need encouragement to be themselves; they need the encouragement to take the time to be by themselves; they need the encouragement to continually speak a word of forgiveness to each other in the home; they need the continued acceptance that can be found no place but at the cross. The need to build the cen-

trality of the cross and the resurrection into their lives at home. They build on the foundation which was provided at each member's baptism. However it may occur, the family – as family – needs to worship in its house. The round of activities, as well as the family altar, are God-ward as well as to-ward each other.

Nels Ferre in his little monograph, *Strengthening the Spiritual Life,* makes several comments about the family worth both pondering and implementing:

> The family altar stands unavoidably at the center of its life, lit and used, or dark and abused. The family is a church by nature, a community under God, either free and outreaching or frustrated and self-concerned. There is always time for what is deemed important. The fault lies not in our lack of time, but in our sense of values. What is time for, and how is it to be used by a Christian family if no time is allowed for worship?

He adds later, "each family is an intensive unit whose most important job is to be the church."

Where the family is not growing as a family of God, all of the preaching, teaching, counseling done by the Church at large is much less than helpful. First and lasting impressions are made in the life of the family. People continue to bump each other daily both physically and psychologically. This give and take can be meaningful and constructive or hollow and destructive, depending on the roots which are being nourished. The word of forgiveness, acceptance, and love in Jesus Christ can prevent much subtle and overt hostility. The forgiveness of sins, not only believed but lived, can help the Christian home handle the resentment which can affect it.

The fulfillment and the joy of Christian family life is not only possible. It is extremely necessary. The church in your home may need the Word once again – this Word is new every morning. This Word of forgiveness and love from God can buttress the joy and the help of living together. Above all, Jesus Christ gets life aligned once again in a sacramental way: God to people, and God for people. And people for each other.

Understanding, encouragement, acceptance, forgiveness, these are the staples of the family, which cradles the wholeness of life: physical, psychological, and spiritual. These heal the fragmentations well known to modern man. The life of God nourishes the wholeness of life, as the Gospel is a part of that wholeness. This life of God has its obstacles – but as it grows so do the human beings who are open to their mutual needs and live for each other because Christ first lived, loved, died, and rose for them.

Greetings to the church in your house!

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

SINCE THE DAYS of the Chalcedonian formula and the writing of the Athanasian Creed, something has gone awry with our teaching and confession of the Trinity. The formula and the creed were forged in the heat of church controversy concerning the nature of God, the relationship of the man Jesus Christ to God. In order to explain in common confessions the ineffable mystery of God, the doctrine of the Trinity was drawn by inference out of clear statements of the Bible. Heresy had called into question the Divine Word, God's self-expression made flesh, the Christ, the Son of God. The statement of three Persons in one Essence was regarded as a way of understanding and believing the transcendent mystery of God who enters the world of time and matter and remains God.

The mystery remains, but it no longer resides in the word God. The heat of controversy has passed, and the word "God" is not in question. But the word "Trinity" is. The roles of the two words are reversed. Where once "Trinity" explained "God," now "God" must explain "Trinity." We speak of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and we say "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Spirit is God."

But in the reversal of roles, with the passing centuries, we forget that the LORD alone is God, and that God is one. We no longer start with God, we start with Three. Instead of asking "What is the Trinity?" we ought to ask: "What is God?" God is the Father, who created us. God is the Son become incarnate, the Word of grace. God is the Spirit who dwells within His people, still disclosing Himself to the world.

We baptize a child in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. But this is one name, and the name is God, the LORD. It is He whom we meet in creation, for God is the Father in whom we have our being. It is He whom we meet in Jesus the Christ, for God is the Son incarnate and crucified. It is He whom we meet in the body of the Church, for God is the Spirit given to all whom He has chosen and called His own.

Memorial For The Masses

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

"O the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and how inscrutable His ways!"

Romans 11:33

SITTING AROUND a table that had only three legs —the fourth corner was propped up on a box—were four men who were charged with the task of burying more than 35,000 people who were victims of the bomb raids on Munich. Nobody really knew how many were dead, or where they were, or whom they belonged to. Nobody knew whether they would ever be able to uncover the dead beneath the rubble that had once been one of the world's greatest cities. The reports about the missing mounted from hour to hour.

Always there was the hope that some had escaped. The long lines had stretched out far beyond the city limits all through the night and the early dawn. But almost everyone who came back into the city told of thousands more on the road and alongside of it who had felt the force of the bombs and the strafing as fully as the center of the city had.

Finally the decision was made about the great new North Burial Ground. There was a vast emptiness out there. Some basements had been dug for new houses which would never be built. They could be used conveniently for mass graves. Carefully they plotted out in the weeks ahead how they would bring the groups together for Memorial Services. The youngest man in the lot said very little but in his mind the idea of the great memorial for the mass graves was already beginning to take shape. It took almost ten years before the simple but vigorous forms for the quiet garden of God could actually be commissioned.

On the opposite page are the results of some of the wonderful work done by an inspired group of young artists.

The passage at the top of the article from Romans 11 was the overruling thought in the minds of the four men who would finally execute the work — Hans Wimmer, Karl Hilbinger, Friedrich Steiner, and Walter Ibscher. The central feature was the gigantic mortician's embalming board which can be seen at the extreme right, in the central picture, in its position in the graveyard. It is shown in detail on the left. On it are inscribed the words from Romans 11. Above are the Hands of God on the Cross, spread out in blessing over His distressed people. Angels move across the tablet with figures of dragons and hold up the pillars of crumbling buildings so that at least some may escape. Down below are the skeletons of men, women, and children. Outside of the Fossae Ardeatinae, in a suburb of Rome, along the Appian Way, we know of no more touching memorial scene than this burial ground.

At one point there is a simple Tau Cross with the word ICHTHYS on it, the most ancient symbol of the Saviour. In another place is a simple slab with Jesus' words, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." The grave of the young people is marked by a barely perceptible symbol of the Cross with a beautiful chalice and wafer as a reminder of their recent first communion. One grave is marked by a cross on top of a great pier and the simple words, "Here rest eighty victims of the air war."

There are no grave mounds. The whole area is flat and rich with fine lawns. The shade trees are growing heavier each year. One can almost feel the resolution in the air: "It must never happen again." A few hundred miles away men sit around a table at a so-called disarmament conference in a land which had no damage from the bombs of World War II and try to say that they cannot find any way to disarm. When will they move out on to the North Cemetery at Munich, or to the Appian Way, or on to the vast military cemeteries of North France, and hold their meetings where the voices of the dead and the feel of death is very near? — where some little old lady goes each morning with a basket of flowers and walks all over the whole cemetery scattering the blossoms of remembrance, because, as she said, "All of my family, my father, my mother, my husband, and all six children were killed in the raids and are buried here somewhere"?


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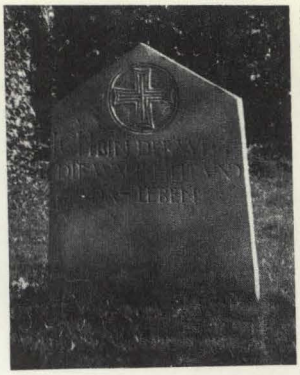

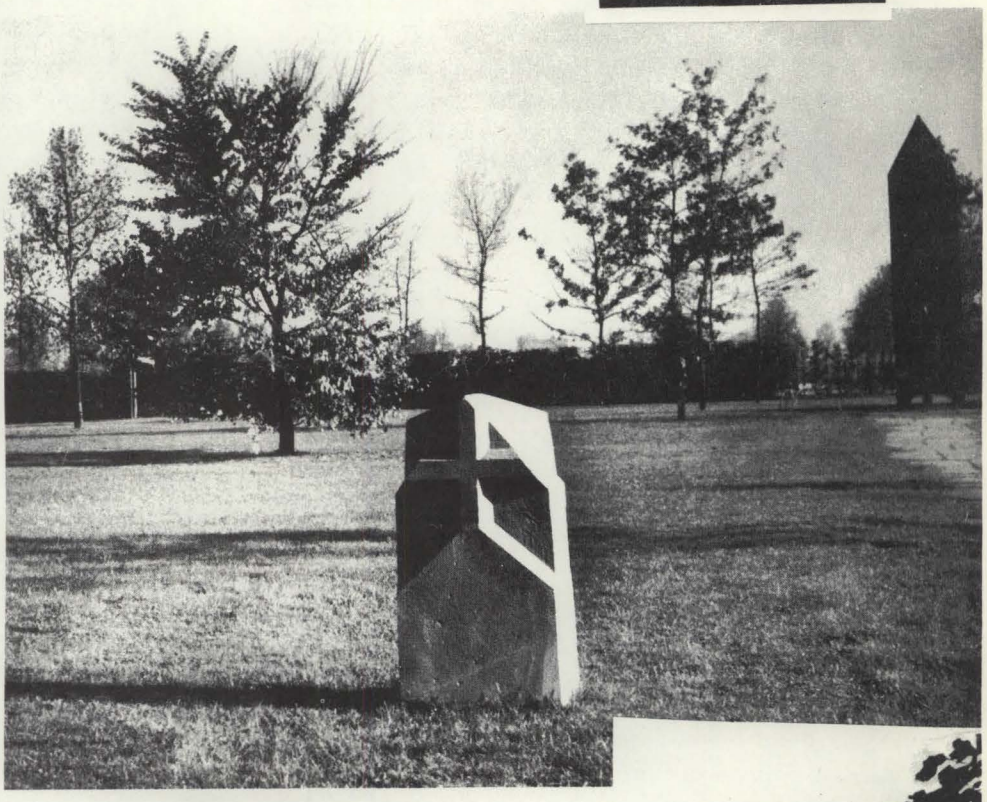

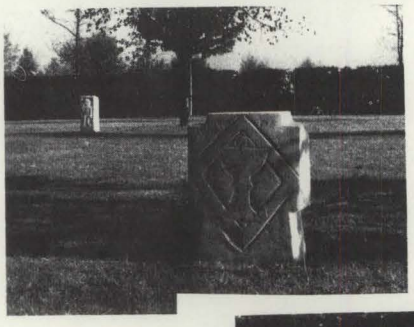

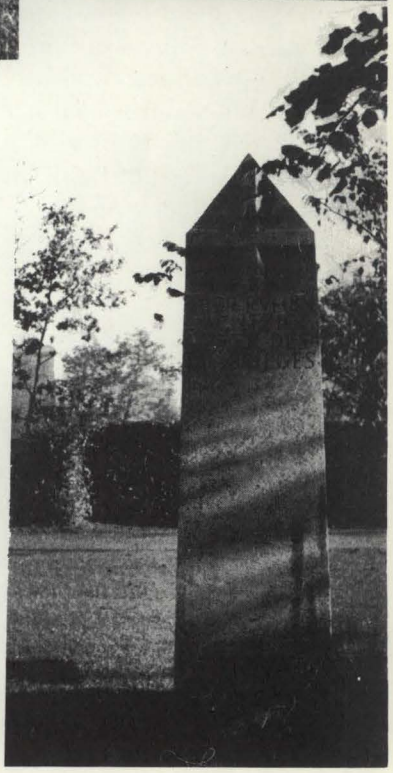

The Durable Stravinsky

By WALTER A. HANSEN

ALTHOUGH SPRING IS bursting out all over as I undertake to extract a column from my system, I am not in a burgeoning mood. I confess that I have a dark-brown taste in my mouth. It was put there a few evenings ago by an unkempt performance of Igor Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*. Leonard Bernstein, for whose learning and resourcefulness I have much admiration, was on the podium when my television set assaulted my ears with this ragged reading of an important work.

Shall I write about music that has been inspired by springtime? I could discuss Robert Schumann's *Spring Symphony,* for which I have a warm spot in my heart. Or I could enlarge on Ludwig van Beethoven's *Spring Sonata,* for violin and piano; on the graceful little *Spring Song* to be found in Felix Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words;* on Karl Goldmark's delightful overture titled *In Springtime;* or on Christian Sinding's *Rustle of Spring,* an effective piano compostion which long ago made its creator's name a household word in many parts of the world.

But I shall not deal with the works I have just mentioned. Another composition is rumbling, booming, and growling in my mind as I try to indulge in a bit of profitable burgeoning. It is Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.* When Pierre Monteux conducted the world premiere of this work in Paris some forty-nine years ago, most of those who made up the audience yowled, hissed, and screeched until the very rafters rang. They considered Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* caophonous beyond measure. But this work has had, and still has, more lives than a tomcat. True, it is not as popular as it came to be a few years ago; but it goes on living. Why? Because it engenders another characteristic that is common to cats. It burgeons curiosity.

I have friends who seem to take measureless delight in Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.* In fact, I myself used to do so. For a long time it was impossible for me to satisfy my curiosity. But I have become exceedingly weary of the work, even though I am convinced that it has earned for itself a permanent place in the history of music.

About thirty years ago I happened to be discussing modern music with one of the most famous conductors of our time. "What is your attitude toward the music of our era?" I asked him. "I am not hostile to modern music," he replied. "But when it comes to works like Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring,* I throw up my hands." I shall not mention this conductor's name. I must tell you, however, that since that time he has presided over many performances of the composition. Has he learned to like it? I wonder. Even if he has not become enamored of the work, I honor him for letting it be heard. How would you or I ever be able to arrive at convictions concerning music if we had no opportunities to listen to it?

One day I was discussing modern composers with a critic who undoubtedly has a far larger number of avid and loyal readers than any other individual in his profession. "Who among the composers of our time are destined to live on and on as great?" he asked me. When I mentioned Stravinsky, he nodded assent. But my statement was interrogative; it was not declarative. I regularly speak of Stravinsky as a great *figure* in the world of music, not primarily as a great *composer.* When I mentioned Arnold Schoenberg, my friend said yes. But where is most of Schoenberg's music today? Schoenberg's was a great *figure* in music. But was he a great *composer?* I do not think so. When I mentioned Jean Sibelius, my friend pooh-poohed the thought. Maybe my own appraisal of Sibelius is utterly wrong. Maybe the renowned Finn was not as important as I still think he was. Maybe I have no right whatever to say that he was one of the greatest symphonists since the days of Johannes Brahms. But I have said so.

If Stravinsky lives until June 17, 1962, he will have reached his eightieth birthday. No one should have the hardihood to deny that he will always remain a great *figure* in the history of music. But will he be known to posterity as a great composer? I do not think so. Pelt me with tomatoes and rotten eggs if you consider it worth your while to do so. I believe that Stravinsky used to be far more important as a composer than he is today. I am still convinced that the music he wrote for *Petrouchka* and *The Fire Bird* is vastly superior to nearly everything he has burgeoned since those days. Years ago Stravinsky began to deteriorate as a creator. He became a man of many styles. His neoclassicism often fascinates me. At the same time I find much of it boring. Am I on the wrong path? Make up your own mind. At all events, I continue to hail Stravinsky as a great *figure* in the boundless domain of tone. His *Petrouchka* will outlive the ragged performance to which Bernstein subjected it a short time ago on one of his TV programs.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

MESSAGES FROM GOD'S WORD

By Hanns Lilje (Augsburg, $3.95)

The chief strength of Lilje's Messages presents at the same time the greatest barrier to American readers. The initial audience was Germans at the mid-decades of this century. While we may live at this same temporal juncture in history, we do not do so in the same place as they and that makes a difference. In devotional and sermonic literature the historicity of the church is most apparent. God's incarnate Word, Jesus Christ, and His continually re-incarnated Word in the church are bound to space and time. God's Word for the world is always directed to a particular piece of world, to specific people. Only Christ Himself (and perhaps some few of the great saints?) speaks to the church-at-large. For the rest of us average Christians, and even for the Christian clearly above average like Lilje, we perform our good and faithful service if we speak to the church where we are — even if that church should extend no farther than "the church that is in thy home."

Lilje does speak to the church where he is, and even though we are not the particular people to whom he is speaking, his messages are from God's Word. And that source might be just what is needed to make them relevant to us after all. Luther's sermons cannot be preached verbatim today, but they can yet be read and meditated by us with profit. So Lilje's Messages, too, are "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, and for training in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, equipped for every good work."

The Messages are twenty-five short meditations on five sections of the Scriptures. In the first he directs the reader to the call which God makes to Abraham and the outpouring of blessing that is his when he responds in obedient faith. This obedient faith is not the grovelling posture of servility before an arbitrary liege lord, but the posture of receptivity generated by God's grace itself. In this posture ("uprightness") whereby God sets Abraham apart — not as our example, but as our prototype — the graced man joins with God in putting his life under the guiding hand of God so that He may work His works in his life also and "give strength to our feet and joy to our souls."

In the second set of meditations the soul ascends to praise God in the songs of Mary, Zachariah, and Simeon (Luke 1 and 2) — songs filled with the same promises and signs of grace as the Gospel itself. Lilje performs some depth analysis on the term "praise," showing how it is the other side of the coin of fearlessness originating in the obedient faith portrayed in Abraham. Whereas the world tends to see "praise" as the scared squawk God squeezes from man, the very antithesis of fearlessness and defiant pride, the Christian proclamation and the Christian life combine praise and fearlessness into one.

The third group centers in the Sermon on the Mount, an "instruction for life" springing, as the author says, from a new, purified, noble, and God-centered reality. "It is of fundamental importance for understanding the Sermon on the Mount that we do not separate the preacher from the contents of his sermon." It is "an exposition of the complete work of salvation in Christ. His life's work is the fulfillment of what is demanded and promised in the Sermon on the Mount. When Jesus sat down on the Mount of the Beatitudes . . . right then he began his journey to Golgotha." "If there is no forgiveness of sins, the Sermon will remain utopian." Without him who said: "Behold I make everything new," the Sermon would belong to the long list of idealistic exaggerations by which man shows at the same time his pride and his melancholy.

"But the light from Golgotha also shines upon the Mount where Christ spoke. And the claim that in this world there is a life without lies, without sexual lust, without vulgar material worries is true only because the Resurrection of Christ from the dead has brought about an entirely new Reality. Where there is forgiveness of sins, there is also life and salvation. The death of Jesus and even more his resurrection have opened up life in his name. The Sermon on the Mount is an instruction for [the] life which springs from an entirely new dimension."

The last two sequences of the book constitute a grand finale on this life. In them Lilje meditates on post-resurrection texts and expands on the present life of God's people who have encountered that resurrected Lord.

EDWARD SCHROEDER

THE ECOLOGY OF FAITH

By Joseph Sittler (Muhlenberg, $2.25)

Joseph Sittler is professor of Constructive Theology at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. He is equally noted for his preaching on many university campuses and for his lectures at ecumenical gatherings. This slender volume comprises the nation's most prestigious annual lecture series on preaching, the Beecher Lectures at Yale, for the year 1959. Sittler tries to sensitize the preacher to the true nature of the audience before him, and of the preacher himself as he speaks, under the analogy of ecology, the complex of forces producing the culture and faith of hearer and of preacher.

His analysis samples several soils: America of the boundless frontier (Sittler is noted for his insights into Whitman and Melville), worship rooted in the language and symbols of Biblical theology, and a preacher "macerated" by the secular demands of the contemporary ministry and hence in need of freedom to pursue the theological quest. Whether Americans of inner city, assembly line, suburbia, small business, and all the rest can be typed under the mind of "illimitability" is a question. But the sampling is suggestive for the preacher's method: to discern the forces that have been beating in on the mind of his hearers, and reach them where they are.

The illustrations of theological method in working with Biblical materials, with the supplement of the appended lecture on "The Shape of the Church's Response in Worship," are certainly valuable for every preacher, particularly if he is of the liturgical tradition. And if he is willing to reread Sittler! For this man does not cast pearls before swine, least of all grind them to powder for quick consumption. In a day when craftsmen of the pulpit have surrended to "counselling" and "communication" it is good to see a man speak of proclamation, and dare you to follow him into reaches of thought worthy of his subject.

RICHARD R. CAEMMERER

JAPAN'S RELIGIOUS FERMENT — CHRISTIAN PRESENCE AMID FAITHS OLD AND NEW

By Raymond Hammer (Oxford, $2.95)

After a general introduction, the author surveys the history of Shintoism and Buddhism, treating them separately as well as in terms of their syncretic interaction. Following a chapter devoted to the impact of Western culture on Japan is a discussion of Christian missions; Mr. Raymond then explores several sects dominating the post-war scene. Two appendices, one on religious statistics and one on state-church relations, a word-list including thumb-nail sketches of the more important "new religions," and a brief annotated book list complete the contents of the book. This is a big order for less than 210 pages.

But gems come in small packages. Notable among the strong points of this work is the fact that the author presents the major theological insights and fundamentals

of various Japanese religions in clear, readily-digestive language. Even more commendable, the basic approach is positive, for this Anglican priest practices his belief that the "first task in approaching . . . another religion, is to take off our shoes, for the place we are approaching is holy." This is a survey for laymen or the uninitiated, but even the more knowledgeable will profit from the author's insights; for those wishing further enlightenment, the book-list is a reliable guide. Mr. Hammer's chapters on Buddhism as an intruder and on Western interminglings with Japanese culture were, I felt, especially poignant.

Though this is a religious survey and allowances can be made for over-simplified historical generalizations, there are a minimum of factual inaccuracies and none is important (e.g., translating *uji* as "clan" or misdating the Iwakura Mission). Mr. Hammer leaves his shoes on, however, when reporting about the *Soka Gakkai,* a militant Buddhist sect. He claims that this sect is "fanatical" — a value judgment — and states that it still uses "coercive methods to gain converts," though its aggressive proselytizing tactics have been moderated in recent years. At least two non-religious questions are raised by this volume: What is the sociological significance of the post-war rash of religious sects? Do these sects represent a genuine mass faith-movement, perhaps the first since the 13th century? In the future, perhaps Mr. Hammer will combine his talents with scholars of other disciplines for a much-needed study of such "secular" questions.

This modest book boasts a price belying its richness of understanding and insight. Students of comparative religion and all concerned with Japan, as well as any who wish to see their own faith more clearly against the silhouette of other religions, will find especial stimulation on these pages.

ROBERT EPP

GENERAL

HAS MAN A FUTURE?

By Bertrand Russell (Simon and Schuster, $3.00)

This is a book, by an outstanding philosopher, written in the hope of arousing people to the danger under which they are living in permitting their governments to pursue the policy of mutual extermination implicit in the nuclear arms race. The apathy with which many people meet this situation is truly appalling. "There isn't going to be any war" is the common attitude regardless of the fact that there are in existence a superabundant supply of weapons capable of ending all life on the earth as attested, not by terror-stricken crackpots, but by scientists and military men best able to know what has taken place. President Eisenhower, as he stepped out from under the tensions which bind any man in his position as President, warned the people that they must compel their government to abandon war as national policy for the professionals are so committed to the system that they cannot see that an entirely new psychology is necessary to survive in the new atomic world. It is difficult to understand how individuals, who would look upon murder and dismemberment of a child with horror, can yet stand by and contemplate with equanimity plans, coordinated in detail, for incinerating millions of innocent people who desire only to live. It is the very magnitude of the outcome which stuns the imagination.

Being an Englishman, Lord Russell speaks more clearly than many a Russian or American could do of the discouraging failures which have marked the disarmament talks. Being a philosopher, he understands, better than most of us, the habits which have kept the old antagonisms and fears in control and he does not hesitate to speak up in terms which the man in the street can understand. But his is not merely a jeremiad, for he devotes a chapter to recounting the efforts of the scientists to alert governments to the dangers of misusing the discovery of the release of atomic power and he draws a bright picture of what the world might be if released from the fear which now paralyses us. Thus he is trying to resurrect hope instead of destroying it.

While by no means minimizing the difficulty of his proposals for a stable world, Russell considers long-term conditions for human survival and makes suggestions for first steps toward a secure peace. First, scientific man can not long survive unless the anarchy of sovereign states is ended. This means some kind of world authority. One chapter is devoted to the question of why world government is disliked. National loyalties must be replaced by loyalty to the human race, civilian control of the military must be insured, poverty, ignorance, and disease must be recognized as the enemies of the human race instead of groups of people, and our modern means of communications used for promoting co-operation instead of unlimited competition. Historical instances where these difficulties have been surmounted are cited. Difficult? —yes, but the alternative is universal death.

In the chapter, "First Steps Toward Peace," the first requirement is a different attitude in international relations. Debates must be conducted not to outwit the other side but to find a way to prevent annihilation. Incendiary rhetoric must be banned. A temporary moratorium should be proclaimed on provocative actions, during which time steps should be taken to appoint a conciliation committee in which the neutrals could have a stabilizing effect. Another thing of importance is the reform and strengthening of the United Nations.

Although disarmament is not a cure for war, since the knowledge of making weapons once known can not be destroyed, it is a necessary condition for survival. A change-over to a peace-time economy, while feared by many workers, is not impossible as shown by many competent authorities. The inconvenience of taking a new job or re-tooling a plant ought not to outweigh the otherwise certain loss of one's children, loved ones, and descendants, as well as one's own life and that of the rest of mankind.

Under "Territorial Problems," Berlin and the rearmament of Germany loom very large. Russell calls our attention to the fact that both the Baruch and the Rapacky Plans call for the disarmament and neutralization not only of Germany but of certain nations east of it.

Althogether you will be challenged by reading this book to suggest and work for something better if you have it, remembering that in this world everything is attended by risk but all risks pale into insignificance when compared with the risk of the annihilation of life, inherent in the continuation of the war system.

GORDON H. GRAVES

COMMUNISM, CHRISTIANITY, AND RACE RELATIONS

(Lutheran Human Relations Association of America, $1.50)

There is a form of logic which goes: Communists are for safe drinking water; Smith is for safe drinking water; therefore, Smith is a Communist. It makes no difference that Smith may have been crusading for pure drinking water years before the Commies took up the cry. It makes no difference even that Smith may be genuinely concerned about the dangers of impure drinking water while the Commies are merely latching on to an issue. The fact of the matter is that Smith and the Commies are on the same side of an issue, therefore Smith is a Commie.

Substitute "racial justice" for "pure drinking water" and you have the problem which any number of individuals and groups who have been engaged in the struggle for racial justice have had to contend with for years. Nice little old ladies of all ages and both sexes have really believed that the NAACP, the Urban League, the LHRAA, and similar organizations were linked somehow to the Communist Party; and a number of not-so-nice demagogues have nurtured these suspicions.

Facing up to this problem, the Lutheran Human Relations Association of America devoted most of the time at its twelfth annual institute last summer to an examina-

tion of Communist theory and practice. The present volume is a collection of the essays, panel discussions, and sermons that were presented at that institute.

The principal essay, "A Theology for the Church as it Faces the World-Wide Race Problem," by Dr. Robert C. Schultz, is "an attempt to understand why racial prejudice remains a powerful motivating factor even among those who accept the truth of our one-ness in Christ," with particular emphasis on trying to determine "what it is in myself, and in the [conservative] tradition to which I belong, that predisposes me and my Church to racial prejudice." The answers which Dr. Schultz suggests are plausible enough to make one who shares his tradition squirm and try to deflect attention toward those blasted liberals.

A second essay, on "The Social and Economic Conditions Preceding the Rise of Communism — the Reaction of the Church," by the Reverend Ralph L. Moellering, analyzes the failure of the Church to speak prophetically to those social injustices which, in the latter part of the 19th century, alienated the urban proletariats from the Church and thus left them vulnerable to any apparently idealistic movement which held out the promise of social reform.

A "symposium on Communism" includes discussions of Communism as a religion by Pastor Moellering; the ethics of Communism by Dr. George W. Forell; the practice of Communism by Dr. Louis P. Lochner; the F.B.I. and the fight against Communism by Dr. Fern C. Stukenbroeker; and effective social action as the Christian answer to Communism by Dr. Martin H. Scharlemann. Dr. Stukenbroeker participated in the discussion as the personal representative of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I. The other panelists are too highly respected in American Lutheranism to require identification.

The banquet address by Professor Paul W. F. Harms of Concordia Senior College, the institute sermon by the Reverend R. W. Langhans, and a report on how the Deep South is accepting and resisting integration (Pastor Joseph Ellwanger and Mr. Emery O. Jackson, panelists) develop, each in its own way, the same theme: that the quest for racial justice remains one of the major items of unfinished business both for the Church and the nation.

FICTION

THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

By Peter De Vries (Little, Brown, $4.00)

It is quite possible that Mr. De Vries has written an important book because, intentionally or not, he has articulated the only real tragedy of mankind. The theme has been used for a long, long time — a man's search for meaning to life; how to meet and absorb the shocks and hammer blows of existence and emerge as a whole person. In the telling of the story, a remarkable, facile technique is apparent, and is part of the reason for the book's "delayed punch." One reads the story with interest and attention. Only after the book has been laid aside does one realize the degree of personal involvement which has taken place.

Briefly, this is the story of a Mr. Wanderhope (and perhaps even the name becomes allegorical), told in the first person, beginning at the age of 12. The Wanderhopes are an immigrant family, of the Dutch Reformed Church, still living in the image of the old country. The young impressionable boy, finding no worth in the strict, over-zealous Law of the family faith, adopts an air of atheism. With this he stumbles through a rather questionable and desultory youth. His life becomes a procession of cheap pleasures, disappointments, unhappiness, and loss of loved ones. His own daughter is the one cherished, beautiful piece of living which he holds. The danger which touches her sends the father on an insistent, honest search for peace and understanding and God.

The story's first great impact is encompassed in the writing style and, strangely enough, this is so because the style changes. The questioning, doubtful boy becomes the arrogant, cynical youth in a setting of harsh, pungent language. The loving, sympathetic father becomes the searching, restless man in a language that flows and moves like liquid.

The second impact (and this may be an effect which the author never intended), comes in the final chapter; a few pages of sadness about a man's self-sufficient bravado. The man is brought to the foot of the Cross, he asks his question, and he rejects the answer. His suffering and pain have been for nothing.

Footnote: In general, the summary of a book which appears on the jacket merits only a passing glance. This particular summary is more than incidental since the writer is presenting a synopsis and analysis of the meaning of the story, as follows:

> Faced with certain parental sorrow, the hero tries to reverse the entire course of his life in a search for his lost belief. He thinks he has found some measure of it, only to have it snatched away from him by an irony so cruel that only the grace and courage of the vanished child, the example of which survives as her heritage to her father, enable him to survive, and to regain his balance as a human being.

If this anonymous blurb-writer really believes what he says, then he has brought the story to life, and is himself living the real tragedy. ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

TWELVE SHORT NOVELS

Selected by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, $7.50)

Mr. Costain has this to say about his book:

> To prepare an anthology of short novels is to immerse oneself in a long spell of pleasant reading on a wide and varied plane where the standards are high . . . I found all the books on this list as engrossing as when they were first published. Some of them I have read many times and always with the keenest appreciation. They offer wide variety in theme and treatment. It does not seem too much to hope that readers will find in them the same pleasure I have experienced.

For many of us there is a day, next week or next month, which we like to think will be devoted exclusively to pleasurable, non-essential reading. For those who manage to find the day, a comfortable chair, and the reading glasses all within reasonable distance of each other, this volume will contribute interest and pleasure.

Although everyone has his own list of favored literary masterpieces, Mr. Costain succeeds in presenting an admirable variety of stories, and even the most discriminating will agree that the authors are indeed established and respected craftsmen. In his introduction, Mr. Costain discusses the various story-telling techniques, deploring the unmannerly treatment which is accorded the short novel today. In his words:

> If the theme is sufficiently gripping or beguiling in conception, and if the author's treatment has been deft and skillful, it becomes a story of fine precision and even jewel-like perfection of form.

You may make your own evaluation of the selections:

Young Joseph, Thomas Mann
The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Thorton Wilder
The Duel, Joseph Conrad
The Old Maid, Edith Wharton
Father Sergius, Leo Tolstoy
The Turn of the Screw, Henry James
Good-bye Mr. Chips, James Hilton
Prisoner of the Sand Antoine de Saint Exupery
Portrait of Jennie, Robert Nathan
The Lost Sea, Jan de Hartog
Father of the Bride, Edward Streeter
The Short Reign of Pepin IV, John Steinbeck

Obviously the novels have been around for some time, have been reviewed, criticized, read and judged, reprinted and reread. Mr. Costain, who has a large number of books to his credit, and is doubly sensitive to technique and content, deserves praise for bringing these selections into focus in one volume. The task itself borders on the monumental. The finished

product may or may not meet your own standards in every degree. But if you are a reader, you should have at it, if only as a change from the long novel and the short story.

ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

WEST WITH THE VIKINGS

By Edison Marshall (Doubleday, $5.75)

This novel is woven around historical findings which lead us to believe that the North American continent was discovered by Leif Ericsson, a Viking, five centuries before Columbus sailed.

Leif, son of fearless Eric the Red and gentle Thorhild, daughter of one of the greatest of Vikings, Harold Bluetooth, was only next to his brother Thorstein in his father's esteem. Of comparable physical stature, Thorstein was brusque like his pagan father and was more cunning, while Leif loved adventure and was gentle like his Christian mother. Leif's career was largely directed by the Norse beliefs which "peopled the rim of the world in their imaginations with a galaxy of gods and goddesses, fancies, dwarfs, witches, mermaids and valkyries who sometimes took the form of swan-maidens." Leif frequently implored his swan-maiden, yet for peace he looked to "gentle Kris."

When Eric the Red in a fit of anger killed one of his thralls he was ordered into exile. He took exile as a challenge and with a group of fearless men sailed west from Iceland to find another land. Through luck Leif was allowed to accompany them. Anticipation and excitement at each change in wind, warmth of water, the sight of sea animals and birds accompanied them throughout a skillfully directed journey. Leif was the first to sight land and it was then his father named him Lucky Leif Ericsson.

After Eric explored the inlets and saw the richness of the land and sea, he sailed again for Iceland to bring back people and supplies to start a settlement. He left twelve men, including Leif and Thorstein, to spend the winter. It was a rugged experience but it brought Ugruk, an Innuit, from a land far to the west. A strong loyalty developed between Leif and Ugruk which was to last throughout their lives. Upon Eric's return in the spring, Leif was reunited with his mother and Ellen, the wife of a thrall, and her daughter Swanhild. Life became more exciting with the extension of hunting areas and the acquirement of new skills. Trade in oils and skins with Norway grew.

With the passing of time and Thorhild's death, Leif's desire to sail west grew. He asked his father for the use of the Narwhale, their original sailing vessel. Eric offered to sell it for 1000 shillings, a seemingly impossible sum. Leif accepted the offer and with the help of a faithful friend and a lucky find of ambergris obtained the money. When Eric returned from a trip to Norway, conditions for the sale of the Norwhale were completed. In addition to the 1000 shillings, Leif was to sail to Norway, and bring back the young princess Helga to be Eric's wife. This union would bring Greenland under the control of Norway and Eric would become the Earl of Greenland.

The journey was undertaken and Leif and Helga fell in love. Also, while in Norway Leif met novice Joseph, an adventurer, who spoke of the world as being round. With little persuasion Joseph joined the crew. Through previous arrangements with faithful friends in Greenland, the Narwhale was to be ready to sail west shortly after arrival. As soon as they laid anchor additional arrangements were made for Helga and several wives of the crew to accompany them. Helga then told Eric she could not become his bride. The fury that followed was expected and the ship set sail immediately. In a short time Leif and Helga were married by novice Joseph.

The long voyage and its accompanying hardships, the thrill of the discovery of a new land and meeting its people are interestingly told. The author's style blends well with his rich knowledge of pagan beliefs and customs. However, his overuse of the in-between affairs of Leif and Swanhild is a discordant note in an otherwise enjoyable narrative.

BESSIE J. JOX

BLOW NEGATIVE

By Edward Stephens (Doubleday, $5.95)

It may come as quite a surprise to the author, Edward Stephens, who announces that all characters in his novel are fictitious, to learn that one character he has created, Captain Sam Griece, is almost an exact double for Vice Admiral Rickover. At the beginning of this novel, Griece is a commander and the captain of a submarine, *Starfish,* and at the end he is a Rear Admiral heading the bureau which developed the atomic-powered ballistic missile submarine. In between, Griece demonstrates the same qualities of selflessness, irascibility, cantankerousness, and genius which have also been attributed to Admiral Rickover.

Griece has so irritated his fellow officers that Captain Bliss, who is the commodore of his submarine squadron, with the cooperation of an admiral in Washington, orders to duty a reserve officer, Lt. j.g. Harry Joy, whose record would indicate that he is sufficiently inept to get Griece in trouble. The time is the Korean War, but this was not a war for submarines and so they are occupied mostly in peacetime maneuvers. Joy, whose previous experience had been in destroyers, had never been abroad a submarine until he reported to the *Starfish,* but with the exception of the time when he accidentally fired a torpedo ashore into a group of swimmers on Fisher's Island, he became a first-class officer and a great admirer of Griece.

Joy's fortune follows that of Griece, as the latter fights his way up to the Bureau of Propulsion, alienating on the way not only most of the officers in the Navy, but in the Army and Air Force as well. He turns the Bureau into a building as inaccessible as a medieval fortress and there he is surrounded by as dedicated a group of civilians and navy officers as any man in Washington has ever had. Having known some Rickover officers and once having tried to cross a hallway in Rickover territory in the Navy Department, this part of the parallel between the fictional Griece and the actual Rickover I know to be exact.

Stephens, whose naval career was similar to that of his Lt. Joy, though not with the Rickover association, is a very able novelist. His book is dramatic and filled with suspense sustained with very little action. His Captain Griece is by far the most unforgettable Navy character since Captain Queeg of *The Caine Mutiny.*

THE DARK LABYRINTH

By Lawrence Durrell (Dutton, $3.95)

Originally published in England in 1947 under a different title, *The Dark Labyrinth* was written just before Durrell began work on the "Alexandrian Quartet," that group of existential novels which made him famous. Although his style is more spare, the author's treatment of character and his use of symbolism mark this novel as a forerunner to those in Quartet. *Labyrinth* could be taken for an adventure story, which it is, except that it goes much farther into character development and probes deeper into more important issues than novels of that genre.

Although the action begins in post-war London, the main setting is the Mediterranean since Durrell seems to feel there is something in the Mediterranean climate and in the civilization of that area which serves as a catalyst on his characters. Aboard the cruise ship, *Europa,* is an assorted group which includes Lord Graecen, a minor poet and an archeologist whose doctor has given him only a short time to live; Baird, a proper young Englishman who has never found himself; Campion, an experimental artist; Miss Dombey, a missionary of sorts; Fearmax, a mystic who has lost his touch; the Trumans, an attractive middle-aged couple; and Miss Dale, a government clerk. When the ship arrives at Crete, this group debarks to see the new tourist attraction at Cefalu, the Labyrinth. After they are in the labyrinth, a rock slide seals the entrance.

Some survive and escape, though the ones who do finally escape have a different

perspective on life as the result of their ordeal. Since, in his symbolism, Durrell is combining this physical labyrinth with the spiritual labyrinth within one, it is possible to predict who will survive and why.

EAGLES WHERE I WALK

By Stephen Longstreet (Doubleday, $5.95)

Written by the author of the successful musical play "High Button Shoes," this is the history of four prominent families during the American Revolution. Although not a "precise rendering of facts, the events, dramas of love and property, turmoils and battles are all based on actual documents."

The story unfolds around Dr. David Van Cortland, member of one of the landed families along the Hudson, who follows in a professional capacity the American army during the entire war. The author, through his skill in story-telling, makes a Benedict Arnold into a modern defector. He describes George Washington as of always serious mien, not a master-mind in logistics, but when at one time carrying the full responsibility of continuing the war, remaining stalwart against the greatest odds. His description of Burgoyne's successful attempt to come down the Hudson and join the British at New York City is a vivid character study of the general.

It seemed sound advice when the ageless Martha Schuyler told her son Peter "divide the house; let a son support the King, the nephew the Continental Congress, so whichever side wins the Schuyler property remains in the end." But it was more through conviction than conniving that the four families, the Livingstons, the Schuylers, the Philipses, and the Van Cortlands were torn asunder. We find them reunited in a later generation when the purposes for which so many of them fought were beginning to be realized. Like us they faced an uncertain future and their courage to fight for their ideals is an inspiration to Americans today.

Bessie J. Jox

SYLVA

By Vercors (Putnam, $4.00)

The problem facing Albert Richwick, a young British farmer, is what to do with a fox that has changed into a young woman. Since he had rescued the fox-woman from the hounds and hunters who were almost upon it, he feels an obligation to raise and educate the girl whom the fox has become. For reasons of propriety, since he is a bachelor, he engages a London nanny to assist him in this project.

The author is concerned not with the reasons for or implications of this metamorphis, but with the problems involved in educating a young woman who is really an animal. Every step of this transformation is described until Sylva, as he has named her, develops into a delightful and attractive girl who can speak and think as a human being.

In contrast to Sylva is a neighboring girl, Dorothy, whom Richwick is planning to marry, unaware of the secret, dissolute life she has been living. As Sylva progresses, Dorothy regresses, and when Sylva is almost completely transformed into a healthy and desirable young woman, Dorothy has reached bottom.

Vercors, in reality the French author Jean Bruller, has written a fascinating story on a most unusual subject, and his wife has produced an excellent translation. Apparently Vercors was attempting — and a successful attempt it was — to make the reader realize, as he follows the civilizing of Sylva, how all of us developed out of the animal-like traits we had as infants. Using Richwick as the first person narrator, the author gives such a logical and straightforward account of the proceedings that he makes believable a theme which on the surface would seem preposterous.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Edited by Margaret Cousins (Doubleday, $3.95)

Magazines nowadays are purveyors of a great deal of information: advice for the housewife, the teen-ager, the pre-schooler, the handyman, the gardener, the secretary, the widow, and even the average man. In the midst of this welter of opinion and pronouncement, there is also, now and again, some highly effective and delightful fiction, known generally as the short story. Miss Margaret Cousins has culled from this wealth of material a handful of moonlight and roses, a little sunset and evening star, a few thistles and thorns, a shaft or two of merciless, glaring sunlight, and just enough breeze to keep the air from getting stale.

Love and marriage is a theme with many facets, and thoughtful writers can play an infinite variety of improvisations on this theme. Max Shulman ("So Pass the Days") and Jack Finney ("Crazy Sunday") choose to amuse. Richard Sherman ("To Mary With Love") travels the span of ten years of marriage, on a road that starts in sunshine, becomes dark and dangerous, and stops just before the fork is reached. Arthur Heinemann ("Elegy in a Midtown Office") and Maurice Zolotov ("The Marriage Breakers") take a look at the synthesis of husbands, wives, cocktails, and gray flannel suits. And there are many more.

Love and marriage are for people and there are all kinds in this book. You've seen some of them, and there are others you may know quite well. They are all interesting and very much alive.

Anne Springsteen

THE WHOLE CREATION

By Theodore Morrison (Viking, $4.95)

This novel has three principal characters: Kent Warner, an industrial engineer with a pharmaceutical company; his brother-in-law, Professor Arthur Scheuer, a geneticist; and Malcolm Islay, a successful novelist. Their type of employment and the locations of their work, one in a big business, one in an Eastern university, and one in solitude, would seem to be unusually dissimilar, but it is Mr. Morrison's object to show they have much in common.

There is little action and few dramatic moments, as we observe these men in their daily lives, filled with doubts, frustrations, and insecurity, and looking for some meaning in what they are doing. Each faces a crisis, a major one to him, but minor as crises go in novels.

To bring unity into a novel with such diverse characters and to make interesting the story of three middle-aged men leading prosaic lives is a difficult project, but Mr. Morrison has carried it off very successfully.

A Minority Report

Teaching the Social Sciences

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

I WOULD LIKE TO write about my role as a teacher of the social sciences.

In the first place, teachers of the social sciences are constantly being advised that the social sciences have come to low estate.

Unlike the natural sciences, it has often been alleged, the social sciences are at best casual narrative, sometimes hardly more than sloppy speculation, and certainly with no clear directions or goals. This proposition is often high-lighted by references to some of the brilliant things that are happening around us, things that are usually related to the natural sciences. Of late, the examples of Glenn and company are cited as evidence of the high estate of the natural sciences. These people will vaguely contend that the sciences, especially mathematics and physics, are taking over the fields of knowledge.

The great, indefinite *they,* none of them scientists in any sense, will insist that these natural science disciplines and the low estate of the social sciences have made some quick impacts in the field of education:
1. the social sciences are not getting the best students;
2. the social sciences are not getting the best teachers;
3. in short, the best minds are going elsewhere.

Whether these contentions are all true or not is certainly not undeniably clear to me. Whether they are or not makes little difference to me. If the social sciences are not in bad shape, I do not think we should be Milk-Toasts about it. If we are that bad, it still does not call for a passive attitude. In either case, we ought to be up and doing about the social sciences.

One of the things that could improve the lot of the social science teacher is simply to streamline his duties by cutting out a lot of the busy work and by eliminating some of the detailed committee work. It is time that we demand for ourselves concentrated attention to the main show, teaching. It seems to me that the high school teacher, the social scientist on the secondary level, is particularly plagued by work that detracts from the main job, the teaching of the social sciences. He was called to be a teacher and a social scientist, not the administrator of a lot of busy work. He should have three to five hours each day for study and reflection — never interrupted by students, family, children, department heads, superintendents, or coaches.

These hours are important to the teacher so that he may broaden his orientations and perspectives. A teacher of the social sciences — rooted in the broader reaches of philosophy, logic, literature, mathematics, methodology, and the like — could really lend some dignity to a much maligned discipline. By contrast, the teachers who claim that they are specialists in economics or political science, etc., are perhaps overworking the notion of professional specialization. Take, for example, the somewhat political act of voting. At second glance, it turns out to be beyond the political inasmuch as voting reflects social status, position in the social structure, economic achievements among many other factors. A study of voting takes the observer easily and quickly into economics, sociology, statistics, psychology, and geography. It is perhaps just as true to assert that the truly disciplined specialist is conversant with the broad implications of knowledge. The specialist can and must be a generalist.

At the same time, the teacher of the social sciences can improve his role and broaden his horizons without a National Science Foundation Research Grant. He does not have to go to Washington or to Indonesia to do social science research. He can go to the courthouse across the street, to the files of union locals, and to the records of other community organizations. For that matter, the records of the churches in any town would provide the hard-working social scientist with a research field day.

All of these things are necessary to the role of a good teacher. But something more: 1. the teacher, simply by example, must try to show how a self-disciplined mind can really work; 2. on his feet, the teacher can portray the art of good social science teaching by simply thinking out loud and intelligently; 3. in doing this, he ought to lay himself bare — his assumptions, his goals, facts, methods, and his springboards for judgment and appraisal; and 4. he must be willing to pursue his intellect to whatever results it may lead.

Sordid - Phony - Shallow

By ANNE HANSEN

IN THE SPRING of 1945 a relatively unknown young playwright was catapulted into fame by the Broadway premiere performance of *The Glass Menagerie.* Since that memorable evening Thomas Lanier Williams — familiarly known as Tennessee Williams — has never been out of the news. His influence on the contemporary theatre has been important and far-reaching. Tennessee Williams the man and Tennessee Williams the playwright have been examined, analyzed, and appraised in countless reviews and articles. Yet one must wonder whether anybody really understands this man.

Mr. Williams' stature as a playwright is recognized not only by those who praise him but also by those who are distressed by the manner in which he employs his extraordinary talents. Why has he chosen to deal almost exclusively with the ugly, abnormal, and depraved traits and activities of human beings? Perhaps we can find the answer in the following statement, which is attributed to Mr. Williams: "There is a horror in things, a horror at heart of the meaninglessness of existence . . . Life has a meaning if you're bucking for heaven. But if heaven is a fantasy, we are in a jungle with whatever we can work out for ourselves. It seems to me that the cards are stacked against us. The victory is in how we take it."

Sweet Bird of Youth (M-G-M, Richard Brooks), adapted from the Broadway play by Mr. Brooks, plunges us abruptly into a world of corruption and decadence. The principal characters are an aging movie star entirely without morals, an ambitious young degenerate, a ruthless political boss, and a vapid young woman with the improbable name Heavenly. These roles are portrayed with impressive artistry by Geraldine Page and Paul Newman, from the original Broadway cast, and by Ed Begley, a veteran showman, and Shirley Knight. Rip Torn and Madeline Sherwood are excellent in supporting parts. I am fully aware of Mr. Williams' amazing skill as a dynamic, hard-hitting dramatist. But *Sweet Bird of Youth* seems to me to be corruption for the sake of corruption — harsh, sordid, and depressing.

There are times when I wonder why the South does not rise en masse to protest against the inordinate number of sordid and meretricious films that are presented against a Southern background. *Walk on the Wild Side* (Columbia, Edward Dmytryk), based on a novel by Nelson Algren, is not only cheap and tawdry but very dull as well. The characterizations achieved by a cast of screen notables are as phony as they are distasteful. This is another of the rash of recent films that have been exploited as "adult entertainment" — largely, I suppose, because they deal with vices and perversions which formerly were taboo on the motion-picture screen. *Walk on the Wild Side* is not adult, it is not entertaining, and it certainly is not an honest and realistic portrayal of age-old social problems and human behavior.

I have vivid recollections of the impact which F. Scott Fitzgerald had on the literary world of the 1930s. On the screen *Tender is the Night* (20th-Century Fox, Henry King) has neither the drama nor the impact of the novel from which it was adapted. This is the tragic story of a gifted and ambitious young man's gradual but steady deterioration — a story which in many ways parallels Fitzgerald's own unhappy life story. Unfortunately, the film does not capture the poignancy of the situation as it unfolds, or the ever-deepening dissatisfaction of the hero with his own weak capitulation to the wiles and whims of a neurotic wife. The characterizations are shallow, the pace is far too slow to build tension or a sense of climax, and the superficial — often artificial — gayety of the international cafe society of the 1920s tends to invest actors and actions with a storybook quality. Pictorially the film is magnificent. The great natural beauty of Switzerland, the grandeur of the Alps, the unique charm of Paris, and the glittering loveliness of the French Riviera are depicted in superb color photography.

Agatha Christie has long been a favorite with discerning readers who are addicted to whodunits. Justifiably so, for Miss Christie has few peers and probably no superiors in the art of writing tales of mystery and suspense. Her plots are expertly fashioned; her books are well written and refreshingly free from the brutality, the sadism, and the off-color dialog that characterize the work of less gifted craftsmen. *Murder, She Said* (-G-M, George Pollack) represents the screen version of 4:50 *from Paddington,* a highly successful chiller from the pen of the noted Englishwoman. Margaret Rutherford is not only convincing but thoroughly delightful as Jane Marple, the intrepid, inquisitive spinster who is the central character in other books by Miss Christie. She is ably supported by an exceptionally well chosen cast, and the entire play is absolutely top-notch.

It was inevitable that the success of *Pillow Talk* would result in a follow-up. *Lover Come Back* (U-I, Delbert Mann) again co-stars the principals of *Pillow Talk* in a wild and zany yarn. The plot is preposterous, and again it is necessary to point out that the situations and the dialog often stray far beyond the borderline of good taste.

The Pilgrim

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Another Birthday

I HAVE LONG CONSIDERED it a happy accident that the coming of my birthday each year and the first shy signs of spring coincide . . . Yesterday afternoon I wandered over to the hospital to see a friend who had decided to live longer by having some internal machinery removed . . . The pussy-willows near the parking lot were beginning to pop — joining my friend in his return to life . . .

But there was still a lingering chill in the air and I suddenly realized that I had already come to the biblical three score . . . For a moment I stood on the hospital steps and tried to recall the faces and figures of some of my teachers and friends when they had reached the age of sixty . . . The results were dismaying . . . I remembered some as patriarchs, some as fossils and some as the last lingering echo of a day that had ended long ago . . . Twilight was about their heads and their feet were in the shadows . . . Their time had come upon the falling of the night . . .

And now I found myself in the same grave and wistful valley . . . There were hills all around me, but I would no longer climb them; there were streams here and there but someone else would now cross them . . . For me there were these memories now suddenly close . . . of the father who died and the son who was born . . . of the great city to the East where I can still confront forgotten bits of myself fifty years ago . . . of all the sacred days and the silent anniversaries of joy and bitterness . . .

I have never quite been able to understand those who say that they come to these sere and yellow years with no regrets . . . The Pauline vision — things to be done that were not done and things that were not done that should have been done — is surely closer to the truth of the years that are past . . . How long the child survived in the man — how often the sinner was more visible than the justified — how much arrogance and how much anxiety were here because God was so often forgotten — all these things are surely to be seen with eyes that are wet and a heart that would like to return to the former years . . . In such moments the sweetest canticle is still the "Nunc Dimittis," sung now with a greater awareness of its true and final meaning . . .

A long time ago there were Christian kings who, when their consciences were really oppressed by the memory of bad and lost years, would talk of making an effort before they died to wrest Jerusalem and the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidel . . . In one move they decided to do good at the heart of history to atone for the evil they had done in their own fleeting years . . . They never really succeeded but their efforts are wise instruction . . . Something like that we, whose shadows are long toward the East, must make a part of our life before the end comes . . . To seek Jerusalem, to wrest a few more souls from the hands of the Infidel, can become more clearly the purpose of life and the center of the years after noon . . . There is still regret for what was not done thirty years ago, but the regret is seen in mercy by Him Who now gives the remaining years . . .

And so this birthday is not really bitter . . . Appearing beside it are the memories of the years — the thousands of young men and women whose lives touched ours for a little while — the chapel on Christmas Eve — Notre Dame rising against the night sky of early summer — the first warm rains of spring and the robin who hides on our porch — Stephen reading the Christmas Gospel . . . What a host of seemingly unrelated memories, of things strange and things familiar, the touch of a hand, the turn of a head and the sound of a voice . . .

In this light another birthday can be met with more gratitude than regret . . . Perhaps the fundamental thing was said by John Donne in his famous sermon to the King at White-Hall on the first Sunday in Lent in the year of our Lord 1626 . . . Theodore Gill, in his introduction, notes that this is a gentle, quiet Gospel sermon . . . But then in the very middle of the sermon "Donne abruptly reaches out through his outline to thrust himself upon God and in so doing thrusts himself startlingly, palpitantly upon us through the printed line: 'Forgive me O Lord, forgive me my sinnes, the sinnes, of my youth, and my present sinnes . . . Forgive me my crying sinnes and my whispering sinnes'" . . .

"My whisepering sinnes" . . . Somehow my eye lingered over the adjective . . . Under the sound of the Cross they can only whisper . . . they can no longer cry or scream — their power is almost gone and they can only whisper . . . To know and to believe this is to be invulnerable to the years, incapable of final fear, and beyond lasting regret . . . All of life will still be in the birthday, shining and mourning, but the shining will be the greater . . .